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The 'Imaginary Conversations' have now reached the number of one hundred and twenty-five. Forty-four have been added in the present edition; of which, twenty had already appeared in periodicals, and twenty-four are here published for the first time. Besides these substantive additions, we observe that new material has been also dexterously fused into convenient intervals in the previous dialogues—more particularly those of Delille and Landor; Marcus Tullius and Quintus Cicero; Epicurus, Leon, and Ternissa; Diogenes and Plato; Leopold and President du Paty; Barrow and Newton; Peterborough and Penn. The last half of the second volume contains the 'Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare,' the 'Pentameron,' 'Pericles and Aspasia,' 'Minor Prose Pieces,' 'Hellenics,' 'Gebir,' 'Acts and Scenes,' and 'Miscellaneous Poems.' Of these, the 'Pericles and Aspasia,' has been largely interpolated; and the 'Siege of Ancona,' a play—inasmuch as its 'acts and scenes' observe the ordinary forms of dramatic composition—is new.

A writer of any eminence is rarely most voluminous where he is least strong. Mr. Landor is no exception to this rule. His 'Imaginary Conversations,' as in bulk so in value, contribute three parts out of four to the superstructure of his fame. Although Dialogue is as old, at the least, as Plato, and has been employed by a host of writers since his day, none in modern, and few in ancient, times have, on the whole, pushed its capabilities so far as has the author of the 'Conversations.' Plato himself dramatized, for the most part, in only one or two directions—the Ethical and Metaphysical, and their kindred departments. His scenes partook rather of the nature of the 'Mysteries and Moralities' of dramatic meditation, than of that of the full and breathing melodrama of living thought which comprehends all interests, theoretical and practical,—and draws within its sphere, not only the transcendentalisms of Philosophy, technically so called, but those also which the wider circuit of general knowledge, philosophically regarded, evolves, along with the more popular strain of reflection of which it is equally suggestive.

On the other hand, if Lucian, as a writer of Dialogue, was more practical and specific than his great predecessor of the Academy, he had little, comparatively speaking, of the abstract faculty. Few professed satirists have. Oblique passion and the power of generalizing are rarely found combined, except in the very highest minds. Hence, he had recourse, instinctively, to Allegory instead of Analysis;—and made fancy do the business of philosophical imagination. Consistently with this bent, his pages, for the most part, decline the track of speculative literature,—and even of general reflection except in so far as it can be objectively pursued. It is, therefore, in the light of

the dramatic satirist, rather than that of the dramatic discourses—with whom satire is only one province of his ecumenical discussions—that Lucian is to be regarded. To Mr. Landor it has been left to exhibit far more varied faculty;—to combine, in the Dialogue, the abstract with the popular, the objective with the subjective; to diversify the graver course of inquiry with auxiliary strokes of wit and humour, and the graceful embellishments of well-digested scholarship; to illustrate all these on topics as miscellaneous as his endowments; and to intermingling largely with the whole, the spirit of the poet-philosopher.

This comprehensive power, however, is rarely possessed in exemption from its usual drawback—a relative inferiority in particular spheres of its action, as regards intensity, when compared with that of writers who have concentrated their forces on those particular spheres alone. The author of the 'Imaginary Conversations' may, nevertheless, still occupy—and does—a very eminent position in the path which he has chosen, and in the field of literature generally, without attaining to the spirituality of Plato; and, while taking precedence, on the same score and on many others, of him of Samosata, may feel that he loses no caste in giving the first place to the latter as artist, dramatist, and wit.

This last observation suggests to us one or two more, in reference to the author's claims in the threefold capacity just adverted to. We have said that he must yield the palm to Lucian, when regarded as to his artistic and dramatic capabilities,—as also on the question of Wit, or at least that phase of it which comes under the practical head of Ridicule. Yet, Mr. Landor is by no means deficient in any of these respects,—on the contrary, he is therein highly endowed. But then, he is unequal—singularly unequal—in his exercise of those faculties; so much so, as to illustrate, in his works, the extremes of self-disparity. Thus art and anarchy, dramatic austerity and anti-dramatic laxity, wit and wool-gathering—or worse—exhibit themselves respectively in consecutive dialogues, and occasionally in the same. We are not disposed, with some, to attribute this result altogether to paradox or caprice,—sins, doubtless, for which Mr. Landor is, nevertheless, largely responsible. It is due, besides, and in great measure, to his voluminous tendency,—the strong instinct towards production,—in a word, the *cacoethes scribendi*,—the lust of writing well, if possible—but, at all events, of writing. Some pedants are afflicted, or rather afflict, with this unhappy spirit of industry; but an excess of the prolific principle is not unfrequently found in the constitution of the gifted likewise,—nay, is almost invariably the attribute of the highest order of genius. With this, propagation is a necessary law of being—and the main source of happiness. Still, it behoves a mind jealous of its fame—at least before a final bequest of its thoughts to posterity—to consider if what ministered to its own pastime be likely, also, to conduce to the enjoyment or edification of those to whom it is bequeathed. Had Mr. Landor, keeping this principle in view, pruned, at the least, as much as he has interpolated, and cancelled as much as he has added,—his "selected" works might have proved a yet more welcome heirloom to the standard literature of England than his "collected;"—and that is saying much. Indeed, of the value of this principle the author seems himself to be aware; and we have only to regret that he did not follow the advice given by himself when, in the 'Pentameron,' speaking through Petrarch, he says:—

"How many things are here which I do not want!" Does not the same reflection come upon us, when we have laid aside our compositions for a time, and look into them again more leisurely? Do we not wonder at our own profusion, and say, like the philosopher, 'How many things are here which I do not want!' It may happen that we pull up flowers with weeds; but better this than rankness."

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"Magnificent words, and the pomp and procession of stately sentences, may accompany genius, but are not always nor frequently called out by it. The voice ought not to be perpetually, nor much, elevated in the ethic and didactic, nor to roll sonorously, as if it issued from a mask in the theatre. The horses in the plain under Troy are not always kicking and neighing; nor is the dust always raised in whirlwinds on the banks of Simois and Scamander; nor are the rapiers always in a blaze. Hector has lowered his helmet to the infant of Andromache, and Achilles to the embraces of Briseis. I do not blame the prose-writer who opens his bosom occasionally to a breath of poetry; neither, on the contrary, can I praise the gait of that pedestrian who lifts up his legs as high on a bare heath as in a cornfield."

We have the following scrap of criticism on Livy:—

"While I admired, with a species of awe such as not Homer himself ever impressed me with, the majesty and sanctimony of Livy, I have been informed by learned Romans that in the structure of his sentences he is often inharmonious, and sometimes uncouth. I can imagine such uncouthness in the goddess of battles, confident of power and victory, when part of her hair is waving round the helmet, loosened by the rapidity of her descent or the vibration of her spear."

And this on Plato:—

"Grandiloquent and sonorous, his lungs seem to play the better for the absence of the heart. His imagination is the most conspicuous, buoyed up by swelling billows over unsounded depths. There are his mild thunders, there are his glowing clouds, his traversing coruscations, and his shooting stars. More of true wisdom, more of trustworthy manliness, more of promptitude and power to keep you steady and straightforward on the perilous road of life, may be found in the little manual of Epictetus, which I could write in the palm of my left hand, than there is in all the rolling and redundant volumes of this mighty rhetorician, which you may begin to transcribe on the summit of the great Pyramid, carry down over the Sphinx at the bottom, and continue on the sands half-way to Memphis."

According to the evidence furnished, not only by this dialogue but by others of the new series, we find that Mr. Landor is still as determined an anti-Platonist as he showed himself to be in his earlier works. His mental constitution seems prone to partialities and antipathies,—as also to retaining them. The fervour of his temperament does not brook that mid-way estimate of good and bad which would thwart or mitigate either passion. Moreover, independently of this, Mr. Landor likes to state general

propositions on one side or the other. It irks him to qualify and modify and ramify; to mar the happy audacity of a dogma by a string of exceptional clauses. When, too, one of these sweeping opinions is propounded with a view to reversing some time-honoured decision, his zest is the greater, and rises with the hardness of the enterprise; more especially if that opinion assume also a wrong-redressing form, which would abase the lofty and uphold the lowly—which commands those who occupy the uppermost seats to give place, and serenely intimates to those who rest in the lowermost to go up higher. Hence, we find in his poetical firmament the star of the man Boccaccio culminating above that of the demi-god Dante, and the canicular growl of Diogenes bruiting and overbearing the spirit music of Plato's spheres!—in good earnest, the first last and the last first!—Did Mr. Landor but keep some measure in his anti-Platonism, we, for ourselves, might be disposed to go some way with him; for we have ever considered that the exaggerated admiration of Plato had degenerated into a superstition. But the rearing of an Idol is not more superstitious than the iconoclasm which would seek to destroy it for the mere purpose of substituting, in its place, the bigotry of an opposite exaggeration. This latter is, itself, an image—and may be one of wood and brass instead of Parian marble.

The dialogue between Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker is the gem of the new series,—and a masterly display of eloquence and vigour. Milton and his works are the text,—but Cromwell, also, comes in for a share of comment. As however, we can but offer a few extracts, we shall give to the Poet precedence of the Protector,—and dedicate these to the former.—In the course of the dialogue, Parker says, that "he has always done Milton justice; that he had always called him a learned man":—

"Call him, henceforward," says Marvel, "the most glorious one that ever existed upon earth. If two, Bacon and Shakespeare, have equalled him in diversity and intensity of power, did either of these spring away with such resolution from the sublimest heights of genius, to liberate and illuminate with patient labour the manacled human race? And what is his recompense? The same recompense as all men like him have received, and will receive for ages. Persecution follows Righteousness; the Scorpion is next in succession to Libra."

Again:—

"Marvel. As the needle turns away from the rising sun, from the meridian, from the occidental, from regions of fragrant gold and gems, and moves with unerring impulse to the frosts and deserts of the north, so Milton and some few others, in politics, philosophy, and religion, walk through the busy multitude, wave aside the importunate trader, and, after a momentary oscillation from external agency, are found in the twilight and in the storm, pointing with certain index to the polestar of immutable truth. * * I have often been amused at thinking in what estimation the greatest of mankind were held by their contemporaries. Not even the most sagacious and prudent one could discover much of them, or could prognosticate their future course in the infinity of space! Men like ourselves are permitted to stand near and indeed in the very presence of Milton: what do they see? dark clothes, grey hair, and sightless eyes! Other men have better things: other men therefore are nobler! The stars themselves are only bright by distance; go close and all is earthy. But vapours illuminate these: from the breath and from the countenance of God comes light on worlds higher than they; worlds to which he has given the forms and names of Shakespeare and Milton."

After hurriedly glancing at Milton's most vulnerable side, his matrimonial career, Marvel breaks into this beautiful strain of reflection on women:—

"But who, whether among the graver or less grave, is just to woman? There may be moments when

the beloved tells us, and tells us truly, that we are dearer to her than life. Is not this enough? is it not above all merit? Yet, if ever the ardour of her enthusiasm subsides; if her love ever loses, later in the day, the spirit and vivacity of its early dawn; if between the sigh and the blush an interval is perceptible; if the arm mistakes the chair for the shoulder; what an outcry is there! what a proclamation of her injustice and her inconstancy! what an alternation of shrinking and spurning at the coldness of her heart! Do we ask within if our own has retained all its ancient loyalty, all its own warmth and all that was poured into it? Often the true lover has little of true love compared with what he has undeservedly received and unreasonably exacts. But let it also be remembered that marriage is the metempsychosis of women; that it turns them into different creatures from what they were before. Liveliness in the girl may have been mistaken for good temper: the little perversity which at first is attractively provoking, at last provokes without its attractiveness; negligence of order and propriety, of duties and civilities, long endured, often deprecated, ceases to be tolerable, when children grow up and are in danger of following the example."

In this new series, as we have said, Vittoria Colonna and Michel-Angelo Buonarroti are also found holding converse together, grave and sweet. An apparent disposition on the part of the author to qualify, if not admit, certain perversities of opinion with which he is chargeable on former scores, gives to this beautiful dialogue a graceful character as contrasted with the high-handed and uncompromising deportment assumed in most of his previous productions. For example:—

"We perhaps on some occasions have spoken of Dante in such a manner as would make the unwary, if they heard us, believe that we estimate him no higher than Statius, Silius, Valerius, and the like. On the other hand, we have admired the versatility, facility, and invention of Ovid, to such a degree as would excite a suspicion that we prefer him even to Virgil. But in one we spoke of the worst parts, in the other of the best. Censure and praise cannot leave the lips at the same breath: one is caught before the other comes: our verdict is distributed abroad when we have summed up only one column of the evidence."

But why did Mr. Landor distribute the verdict abroad, when only one column of evidence was summed up?—for he himself, and none other, printed and distributed the same. Why did he not sum up the two columns, before pronouncing judgment and giving it to the world? That second column, in fact, has never yet appeared,—unless the few lines which we have quoted above can be so designated; and this they cannot—being, if anything, an untimely delivery of an abortive verdict, and not the debit items of evidence which should precede and contribute to form it. And even if these did constitute the missing column, they would yet be totally out of their place; which, if not formally side by side with the credit account—for between literary book-keeping and mercantile we insist on no more than a virtual analogy—should as certainly be in the same ledger,—not another, or another edition of that ledger—much less the last. In no case should the credit side be summed up so absolutely as that the account should appear to be closed; and a debit entrance be, therefore, a thing not to be expected—or which, if it should nominally turn up, must of necessity be found inexchangeable against the opposite side, as incompatible and incommensurate. These common essentials for preserving common accuracy Mr. Landor has, however, in two or three capital instances, thrown completely overboard. Can he wonder, then, that people should be so unwary—or, as we should call it, clear-sighted—as to take the one column of which he speaks for his final opinion in these cases,—and so, be convinced that, for the whim of the thing, he had placed, not Statius, but Boccaccio, above

Dante, and, on the whole, (*vide* the 'Pentameron') Ovid above Virgil?

It is a singular instance of that unconsciousness of their own shortcomings to which men of genius, as well as those of common clay—and perhaps more frequently—are liable, that Mr. Landor, in the same page from which we have taken the last extract, and only a few lines further on, describes the scrupulous spirit of criticism for which the celebrated Bembo was distinguished, with an unctious of approval such as a writer might bestow on the model adopted by himself.—"No Roman," says Vittoria, "of any age, either has written more purely, or shown himself a more consummate judge of style and matter."

"Michel-Angelo. I think so too; but some have considered him rather as correct and elegant than as facile and original."

"Vittoria. Because he is correct; of which alone they can form a notion, and of this imperfectly. Had he written in a negligent and disorderly manner, they would have admired his freedom and copiousness, ignorant that, in literature as in life, the rich and noble are as often frugal as the indigent and obscure. The cardinal never talks vaguely and superficially on any species of composition; no, not even with his friends. Where a thing is to be admired or censured, he explains in what it consists. He points to the star in the ascendant, and tells us accurately at what distance other stars are from it. In lighter mood, on lighter matters, he shakes the beetle out of the rose, and shows us what species of insect that is which he has thrown on his back at our feet, and in what part and to what extent the flower has been corroded by it. He is too noble in his nature to be habitually sarcastic, and too conscious of power to be declamatory or diffuse."

One more extract before we close;—though it strikes another blow at Plato, and jars, for a moment, with the prevailing clemency of the dialogue. As a specimen of stalwart strength, however, to a certain extent justly called forth, and an inaugural introduction of the great rival of the denounced philosopher, the Stagyrte himself,—it is well worth transplanting:—

"Much of the dusty perfumery, which thickened for a season the pure air of Attica, was dissipated by his breath. Calm reasoning, deep investigation, patient experiment, succeeded to contentious quibbles and trivial irony. The sun of Aristoteles dispensed the unwholesome vapour that arose from the garden of Academus. Instead of spectral demons, instead of the monstrous progeny of mystery and immobility, there arose tangible images of perfect symmetry. Homer was recalled from banishment: Æschylus followed: the choruses bowed before him, divided, and took their stands. Symphonies were heard; what symphonies! So powerful as to lighten the chain that Jupiter had riveted on his rival. The conquerors of kings until then omnipotent, kings who had trampled on the towers of Babylon and had shaken the eternal sanctuaries of Thebes, the conquerors of these kings bowed their olive-crowned heads to the sceptre of Destiny, and their tears ran profusely over the immeasurable wilderness of human woes."

There are several of the remaining conversations of the new series which will well repay perusal; some by the matter they contain, others as dramatic sketches;—the 'Emperor of China and Tsing-ti,' and 'Melancthon and Calvin,' for example, in the former respect,—and 'La Fontaine and De la Rochefoucault,' and 'Fra Filippo Lippi and Pope Eugenius IV.,' in the latter. The scene between the renegade friar and the pontiff is, perhaps, somewhat exceptionable in the licence it allows itself; but proves, incontestably, the author's possession of wit and humour in a very high degree. It is like a portion of a lost play of Congreve's, recovered. Here, however, as in other instances, the anti-compendious tendency somewhat mars the general effect. Still, the spirit of the whole is wonderfully elastic, considering the disproportionate bulk to be inspired,—and illustrates the great

versatility of that perversity by him as a dialogue—or Pritchard, C. desirous of a hardness (w only to turn works in lit to extract from We would of the multi volumes,—re earlier dialo 'Pentameron the spider-sp pause, again treasures of Apasias'—an research rar literature; b to prepare fo few lines, the —must desp ended to the for the former, fair average go, for any ginary Conv both must re of civil com for him when his prose, an very unacqu sketches we muse seems a cage, to m or the capti franchise of tuning, his g wood-notes prison-bars, rural precin their place, Prose, we and though a wide one, ing some far and crotchets servable —adomed, by rare genius is not too fa finer regio than Cæsar queathed th

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versatility of this remarkable writer. Pity it is, that perversity should be sometimes regarded by him as legitimate variety:—witness the dialogue—or farce, rather—of ‘Queen Pomare, Pritchard, Captain Polverel and Co.’ Any one desirous of measuring the inequality or waywardness (whichever it be) of the author, has only to turn from one of the most chosen of his works to that extravaganza. But this the curious in literature must do for themselves;—to extract from it would be over severe.

We would willingly pursue our examination of the multifarious works contained in these volumes,—recur with unabated pleasure to the earlier dialogues,—dally with the charming ‘Pentameron,’—quarrel, most assuredly, with the spider-spun ‘Citation and Examination,’—pause, again and again, to inspect the costly treasures of the richly-freighted ‘Pericles and Aspasia’—an argosie of classic thought and research rarely found within the harbours of literature; but our terminus in sight warns us to prepare for discharging our readers. A very few lines, therefore,—but these, perhaps, enough—must despatch the poems and dramas appended to this edition. It is much to say for the former, that they would carve out a very fair average reputation, as poetical reputations for any one who had not written the ‘Imaginary Conversations;’—but the proprietor of both must rest satisfied with such moderate share of civil commendation as his verses can earn for him when they are in the perilous vicinity of his prose, and he next door to himself in such very unequal capacities. For the dramatic sketches we cannot say so much. Mr. Landor’s muse seems to require either perfect freedom or a cage, to make it vocal,—the liberty of prose or the captivity of rhyme. The half-and-half franchise of blank verse seems to tame, without taming, his genius,—and to substitute for “native wood-notes wild,” or the pathos inspired by prison-bars, those semi-domesticated sounds of rural precincts which are pleasant enough in their place, but *that* not the Temple of Thespis.

Prose, we repeat, witty, weighty, eloquent, and thoughtful—such is Mr. Landor’s domain: a wide one, too,—and one which, notwithstanding some fantastic shrubberies, grotesque images, and crotchety cascades, from time to time observable—as cultivated, and, on the whole, adorned, by him, through the appliances of a rare genius and as rich acquirement,—has, it is not too much to say, opened to the world a fairer region, wherein “to walk and recreate,” than Cæsar gave to the Quirites when he bequeathed them

all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards
On this side Tiber.

Mosses from an Old Manse. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 Parts. Wiley & Putnam.

We have had occasion, lately, to dwell with pleasure on the fairy tales of Andersen; and Mr. Hawthorne’s stories for “children of a larger growth” have been (as our readers know) equally welcome to us—and on similar grounds. Their unworldliness is charming. While nothing is so revolting as acted simplicity—unless it be acted philanthropy—there is no teacher to whom we love better to listen than one whose sympathies and convictions have been cherished and matured apart from the crowd; and who, not therefore ceasing to love his species, looks upon them—yet is not of them. Prejudice must, of course, under such circumstances, be allowed for;—the shadow of thought, if not austerity, from amid which the recluse looks out, causing him to see the sunshine by which others are surrounded through his own dark medium. We must be prepared,

too, for a far-sightedness which is apt to grow morbid—inasmuch as it substitutes speculation for action. Nevertheless, it is to teachings from “old manses,” where Poets “dwell apart,” that we owe some of our best pleasures.

But, in addition to our love of Mr. Hawthorne’s tone, there is much to content us in the manner in which his legends are presented. Few prose writers possess so rich a treasury in the chambers of their imagination; while our author’s riches never make him extravagant. He gives us what suffices for our thorough enchantment and fullest credence—but nothing more. In such a tale, for instance, as that of ‘Rappaccini’s Daughter,’—the narrative of a Paduan magician, who, by way of endowing his innocent daughter with power and sovereignty, had nourished her on delicious poisons, till she communicated death to everything which she approached,—any less consummate master of the marvellous would have heaped horror on horror, till the monstrosity of the invention became intolerable. Mr. Hawthorne only leads us by imperceptible degrees into the fearful garden, full of its sumptuous blossoms—then insinuates the dark sympathy between the nature of the lady and her sisters, the death-flowers—then gradually fascinates us, even as she fascinated her lover, to feel a love and a sorrow for the Sorceress greater than our terror, and to attend at the catastrophe with those mingled feelings which no spell less powerful than Truth’s can command. Thus it is with most of Mr. Hawthorne’s stories. We have elsewhere said, that they resemble Tieck’s fairy tales, in their power of translating the mysterious harmonies of Nature into articulate meaning. They may claim kindred, too, in their high finish and purity of style, with the Genevese novels of the late Töpffer; which have been kept out of sight by their unobtrusiveness,—only, we apprehend, that they may steadily advance to a permanent European popularity. There is another author, far dearer to all Englishmen than either Tieck or Töpffer, of whom Mr. Hawthorne reminds us;—who but the excellent John Bunyan? The orthodox will be thrown into fits by our saying that the writings of both have a touch of Puritanical quaintness which is anything but ungraceful. In short, we like this writer and his stories well; and are not afraid that any among the “fit audience,” whom the more delicate and thoughtful order of creators prefer to assemble, will be disappointed if, attracted by our panegyric, they take up the book.

We shall extract a few passages descriptive of the “Old Manse” and its “surroundings.” One is the placid river Concord:—

“The river of peace and quietness—for it is certainly the most unexcitable and sluggish stream that ever loitered, imperceptibly, towards its eternity, the sea. Positively, I had lived three weeks beside it, before it grew quite clear to my perception which way the current flowed. It never has a vivacious aspect, except when a northwestern breeze is vexing its surface, on a sunny day. From the incurable indolence of its nature, the stream is happily incapable of becoming the slave of human ingenuity, as is the fate of so many a wild free mountain torrent. While all things else are compelled to subserve some useful purpose, it idles its sluggish life away, in lazy liberty, without turning a solitary spindle, or affording even water-power enough to grind the corn that grows upon its banks. The torpor of its movement allows it nowhere a bright pebbly shore, nor so much as a narrow strip of glistening sand, in any part of its course. It slumbers between broad prairies, kissing the long meadow grass, and bathes the overhanging boughs of elder bushes and willows, or the roots of elms and ash trees, and clumps of maples. Flags and rushes grow along its plashy shore; the yellow water-lily spreads its broad flat leaves on the margin; and the fragrant white pond-lily abounds, generally selecting a position just

so far from the river’s brink, that it cannot be grasped, save at the hazard of plunging in. * * Here we are, at the point where the river was crossed by the old bridge, the possession of which was the immediate object of the contest. On the hither side, grow two or three elms, throwing a wide circumference of shade, but which must have been planted at some period within the threescore years and ten that have passed since the battle-day. On the farther shore, overhung by a clump of elder-bushes, we discern the stone abutment of the bridge. Looking down into the river, I once discovered some heavy fragment of the timbers, all green with half a century’s growth of water-moss; for, during that length of time, the tramp of horses and human footsteps have ceased, along this ancient highway. The stream has here about the breadth of twenty strokes of a swimmer’s arm; a space not too wide, when the bullets were whistling across. Old people, who dwell hereabouts, will point out the very spots, on the western bank, where our countrymen fell down and died; and, on this side of the river, an obelisk of granite has grown up from the soil that was fertilized with British blood. The monument, not more than twenty feet in height, is such as it befitted the inhabitants of a village to erect, in illustration of a matter of local interest, rather than what was suitable to commemorate an epoch of national history. Still, by the fathers of the village this famous deed was done; and their descendants might rightfully claim the privilege of building a memorial. A humbler token of the fight, yet a more interesting one than the granite obelisk, may be seen close under the stone-wall, which separates the battle-ground from the precincts of the parsonage. It is the grave—marked by a small, moss-grown fragment of stone at the head, and another at the foot—the grave of two British soldiers, who were slain in the skirmish, and have ever since slept peacefully where Zachariah Brown and Thomas Davis buried them. Soon was their warfare ended; a weary night-march from Boston—a rattling volley of musketry across the river;—and then these many years of rest! In the long procession of slain invaders, who passed into eternity from the battle-fields of the Revolution, these two nameless soldiers led the way. Lowell, the poet, as we were once standing over this grave, told me a tradition in reference to one of the inhabitants below. The story has something deeply impressive, though its circumstances cannot altogether be reconciled with probability. A youth, in the service of the clergyman, happened to be chopping wood, that April morning, at the back door of the Manse; and when the noise of battle rang from side to side of the bridge, he hastened across the intervening field to see what might be going forward. It is rather strange, by the way, that this lad should have been so diligently at work, when the whole population of town and country were startled out of their customary business by the advance of the British troops. Be that as it might, the tradition says that the lad now left his task, and hurried to the battle-field, with the axe still in his hand. The British had by this time retreated—the Americans were in pursuit—and the late scene of strife was thus deserted by both parties. Two soldiers lay on the ground; one was a corpse; but as the young New Englander drew nigh, the other Briton raised himself painfully upon his hands and knees, and gave a ghastly stare into his face. The boy—it must have been a nervous impulse, without purpose, without thought, and betokening a sensitive and impressive nature, rather than a hardened one—the boy uplifted his axe, and dealt the wounded soldier a fierce and fatal blow upon the head.”

Here is another river-picture—worth, to our thinking, many *Turners*, brilliant with gamboge, and flushed with rose-pink:—

“Rowing our boat against the current, between wide meadows, we turned aside into the Assabeth. A more lonely stream than this, for a mile above its junction with the Concord, has never flowed on earth—nowhere, indeed, except to lave the interior regions of a poet’s imagination. It is sheltered from the breeze by woods and a hillside; so that elsewhere there might be a hurricane, and here scarcely a ripple across the shaded water. The current lingers along so gently, that the mere force of the boatman’s will seems sufficient to propel his craft against it. It comes flow-

ing softly through the midmost privacy and deepest heart of a wood which whispers it to be quiet, while the stream whispers back again from its sedgy borders, as if river and wood were hushing one another to sleep. * * Gentle and unobtrusive as the river is, yet the tranquil woods seem hardly satisfied to allow it passage. The trees are rooted on the very verge of the water, and dip their pendant branches into it. At one spot, there is a lofty bank, on the slope of which grow some hemlocks, declining across the stream, with outstretched arms, as if resolute to take the plunge. In other places the banks are almost on a level with the water; so that the quiet congregation of trees set their feet in the flood, and are fringed with foliage down to the surface. Cardinal flowers kindle their spiral flames, and illuminate the dark nooks among the shrubbery. The pond-lily grows abundantly along the margin; that delicious flower which, as Thoreau tells me, opens its virgin bosom to the first sunlight, and perfects its being through the magic of that genial kiss. He has beheld beds of them unfolding in due succession, as the sunrise stole gradually from flower to flower; a sight not to be hoped for, unless when a poet adjusts his inward eye to a proper focus with the outward organ. Grapevines, here and there, twine themselves around shrub and tree, and hang their clusters over the water, within reach of the boatman's hand. Oftentimes, they unite two trees of alien race in an inextricable twine, marrying the hemlock and the maple against their will, and enriching them with a purple offspring, of which neither is the parent. One of these ambitious parasites has climbed into the upper branches of a tall white pine, and is still ascending from bough to bough, unsatisfied, till it shall crown the tree's airy summit with a wreath of its broad foliage and a cluster of its grapes. The winding course of the stream continually shut out the scene behind us, and revealed as calm and lovely a one before. We glided from depth to depth, and breathed new seclusion at every turn. The shy kingfisher flew from the withered branch close at hand, to another at a distance, uttering a shrill cry of anger or alarm. Ducks—that had been floating there since the preceding eve—were startled at our approach, and skimmed along the glassy river, breaking its dark surface with a bright streak. The pickerel leaped from among the lily-pads. The turtle, sunning itself upon a rock, or at the root of a tree, slid suddenly into the water with a plunge. The painted Indian, who paddled his canoe along the Assabeth three hundred years ago, could hardly have seen a wilder gentleness displayed upon its banks, and reflected in its bosom, than we did."

Our last extract will show some of the author's philosophy—and, eke, his quiet humour:—

"Were I to adopt a pet idea, as so many people do, and fondle it in my embraces to the exclusion of all others, it would be, that the great want which mankind labours under, at this present period, is—Sleep! The world should recline its vast head on the first convenient pillow, and take an age-long nap. It has gone distracted through a morbid activity, and, while preternaturally wide-awake, is nevertheless tormented by visions, that seem real to it now, but would assume their true aspect and character, were all things once set right by an interval of sound repose. This is the only method of getting rid of old delusions, and avoiding new ones—of regenerating our race, so that it might in due time awake, as an infant out of dewy slumber—of restoring to us the simple perception of what is right, and the single-hearted desire to achieve it; both of which have long been lost, in consequence of this weary activity of brain, and torpor or passion of the heart, that now afflict the universe. Stimulants, the only mode of treatment hitherto attempted, cannot quell the disease; they do but heighten the delirium. Let not the above paragraph ever be quoted against the author; for, though tinged with its modicum of truth, it is the result and expression of what he knew, while he was writing it, to be but a distorted survey of the state and prospects of mankind. There were circumstances around me, which made it difficult to view the world precisely as it exists; for, severe and sober as was the old Manse, it was necessary to go but a little way beyond its threshold, before meeting with stranger moral shapes of men than might have been encountered elsewhere, in a

circuit of a thousand miles. These hobgoblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide-spreading influence of a great original Thinker, who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds, of a certain constitution, with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages, to speak with him face to face. Young visionaries—to whom just so much of insight had been imparted, as to make life all a labyrinth around them—came to seek the clue that should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Grey-headed theorists—whose systems, at first air, had finally imprisoned them in an iron frame-work—travelled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thralldom. People that had lighted on a new thought, or a thought that they fancied new, came to Emerson, as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary, to ascertain its quality and value. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers, through the midnight of the moral world, beheld his intellectual fire, as a beacon burning on a hill-top, and climbing the difficult ascent, looked forth into the surrounding obscurity, more hopefully than hitherto. The light revealed objects unseen before—mountains, gleaming lakes, glimpses of a creation among the chaos—but also, as was unavoidable, it attracted bats and owls, and the whole host of night-birds, which flapped their dusky wings against the gazer's eyes, and sometimes were mistaken for fowls of angelic feather. Such delusions always hover nigh, whenever a beacon fire of truth is kindled. For myself, there had been epochs of my life, when I, too, might have asked of this prophet the master-word that should solve me the riddle of the universe. But now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put, and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher. It was good, nevertheless, to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure, intellectual gleam diffused about his presence, like the garment of a shining one; and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. And, in truth, the heart of many an ordinary man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity, without inhaling, more or less, the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought, which, in the brains of some people, wrought a singular giddiness—new truth being as heady as new wine. Never was a poor little country village infested with such a variety of queer, strangely dressed, oddly behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of the world's destiny, yet were simply bores, of a very intense water. Such, I imagine, is the invariable character of persons who crowd so closely about an original thinker, as to draw in his unuttered breath, and thus become imbued with a false originality. This triteness of novelty is enough to make any man, of common sense, blasphemous at all ideas of less than a century's standing; and pray that the world may be petrified and rendered immovable, in precisely the worst moral and physical state that it ever yet arrived at, rather than be benefited by such schemes of such philosophers."

We desire to recommend these 'Mosses'—only objectionable from the pedantry of their designation—to the reading of such as are select in their pleasures; and, to this end, have drawn upon the prologue rather than the play. Yet, better wonder-stories do not exist than 'The Birth-mark,' and 'Young Goodman Brown':—while 'The Celestial Railroad' deserves to be bound up with the Victorian edition of 'The Pilgrim's Progress'; and 'Earth's Holocaust' merits praise, as being in the grandest style of allegory—whether as regards the accumulation of imagery or the largeness of the truth propounded. Other of the tales, too, are excellent. The one other fault, in addition to the title, which we find with these volumes is, their author's intimation that he intends to write no more short tales. "This"—as the *Edinburgh Review* said of Wordsworth, but in a totally different spirit—"will never do!"

The Prometheus Chained of Æschylus, translated into English Verse. By the Rev. G. C. Swayne. Oxford, Macpherson; London, Whittaker & Co.

WITH all the aids which modern philologists and critics have furnished, Æschylus is still one of the most difficult writers of antiquity. He has all the obscurity of Pindar, without his graces of language. But he has all the genius, too, of that half-inspired Theban, whom he resembles still more, or rather surpasses, in his daring flights and abrupt transitions. Of all his compositions, perhaps none is more difficult of translation—into verse, especially—than the 'Prometheus Vincetus.' Mr. Swayne's attempt, therefore, is a bold one—whatever may be thought of the degree of success which has attended it. One point of resemblance to its great original it presents, at the very first glance—in its rugged, often uncouth, measures, and certain vigorous but antiquated forms of expression. Nor is this all—it has the dreamy, mystic impress of the sceptical Athenian. It may, indeed, be doubted whether the author did not purposely adopt an obscure phraseology, and still more obscure images, to escape the penalties which the fanaticism of the vulgar would have inflicted on him. That he regarded Jove as an arbitrary tyrant, directed by no principles of wisdom or goodness, but luxuriating in the possession of unbounded power obtained by no merits of his own, is clear. It is equally so that he looked on Prometheus as the victim of an unjust, unprincipled and vindictive despotism; and as delighting in the prospect of punishment which, after myriads of years, should overtake the usurper of Olympus. All his sympathies (such as they are) are with the iron-bound victim,—extended on his rugged, black, and solitary rock overlooking the ocean,—far beyond the pale of human existence.

It would be interesting to trace the mythologic fragments of this drama to their sources,—or, at all events, to display their affinities with the creeds of other people. Nor do we think the inquiry would be wholly unproductive. Even in events so accessible as those embodying the Scandinavian mythology—in the *Zend Avesta*, and in the *Bibliothèque de D'Herbelot*—there are many allusions kindred to those of Æschylus. This is the case, too, with regard to some ancient poems in the recently discovered fragments of Finnish mythologic poetry, and in the traditional relics of the Celts. From these, and a few other sources which will readily strike the general scholar, more might be done to illustrate this obscure and interesting subject—aye, in a single year—than has been effected since the revival of learning. That our own editors should have been neglectful of such sources, need not surprise us, since they had never seen them; but that the Germans should not have consulted them with the requisite care has often done so. It will be seen by the following extract, that Mr. Swayne is not the man to prosecute such inquiries:—

"Of all Greek Tragedies, the Prometheus Chained of Æschylus, possesses the greatest catholicity of interest. Its subject is world-wide. It is, after a manner, a Christian poem, by a Pagan author, foreshadowing the opposition and reconciliation of Divine justice and Divine love. Whence the sublime conception of the subject of this Drama could have been obtained, it is useless to speculate. Some even suppose that its author must have been acquainted with the old Hebrew Prophets. At all events, it is a well-known fact that the purest and earliest Mythologies personified frequently the true attributes of Deity. Thus in the Prometheus, Zeus personifies rigid, inflexible, and pure justice. It must be remarked, that Prometheus, bound to the rock, never accuses him of treachery, or any other baseness, but merely of inexorable heartlessness, cold

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swervy, eternal inflexibility. He dreamed not of expostulating with him, for he knew it vain; as well might the victim of Italian revenge have expostulated with the iron prison which contracted every night to crush him at last in his bed metamorphosed into a bier. He knew that his time of suffering must be fulfilled; he saw its soul-chilling vista extending through myriads of years before him, but he knew it useless to deprecate a single moment of its forlorn agony. But Prometheus himself is the personification of Divine Love, willing for the sake of man to suffer to the utmost what Divine Justice could inflict or require. The Prometheus *πρῶτοπος* and *ἰσχυρὸς* represent the struggle between Justice and Love; the Prometheus Unbound, their final reconciliation; when Prometheus released from his sufferings by Hercules, or Strength personified, ascends to the mansions of Olympus, and takes his seat once more in the councils of the gods."

We do not subscribe to such views: they have no foundation in the old Hellenic creed.

As a specimen of the manner in which Mr. Swayne has executed his task, we will transcribe the first words uttered by the victim, after Hephaestus has bound him to the rock:—

Prometheus. (Alone, riveted to the rock.)

Thou divine air, and ye swift-winged winds;
Ye river-fountains, and ye ocean-waves,
That with incessant laughter bound and swell
Countless—thou mother of all beings—Earth,
And thou all-seeing circle of the Sun,
Behold what I, a god, from gods endure.
Behold me direly doomed

To agonies soul-quelling;

Whose heart against the dance swelling,
By myriad summer suns shall rave consumed.

This chain, so foul a thing,

Was my first gift from heav'n's new king.

Al! plagued too lightly by my present woe,
My forehead feels the never-ending throe!

The light shall dawn each morn;

But one blank night shall brood upon my sorrow!

What boots complaint? Have I not duly coned
Each faintest letter of the vague to come?

Yet! every thorn of future punishment
Will wound at least a long-acquainted victim.

I cannot change the stream of Destiny,
Yet can I stem its flood and proudly bear.

A powerless wrestler with Necessity,
I will not hope for mercy where 'tis not.

To hapless mortals life and light purveying
I willingly put on this troublous yoke.

A hunter for the secret springs of fire
Which travelled well within the pregnant reed,

So sped I that the sons of human kind
First saw the store-house of a thousand arts,

And that great teacher of appliances.
Such philanthropic trespassers have earned

This roofless keep beneath the winds of heaven.

There is merit, no doubt, in these verses;

though it cannot be admitted by the scholar

that they approach the terse, rugged and ob-

scure vigour of the Greek.—The cry of Pro-

metheus when he hears the approach, the

noiseless, yet sensible, approach, of the daugh-

ters of Ocean—who perform the part of the

Chorus,—is better still:—

Ha! Hark!

A voice without vision, a speechless perfume

Of god, man, or demi-god, stirs in the gloom,
It wends to the hill that abuts on the sea,

To gaze upon grim desolation or me.

Visitors viewless! behold a god

Writhing under affliction's rod,
Foe to Jove and foe to all

The peers that walk Jove's mighty hall,
Whom no chains of theirs can bind

Strong as love for human kind.
Ah! methinks I felt, I heard

This vast stillness start,
I heard a rush like a swooping bird,

Cold it smote on my heart.
And ether sings, the large, the lone,
With twinkling winds in an under-tone,

All unseen, yet sidling near!
Such are things the strong must fear!

On the whole, this translation may be read

with interest by the classical student. The

general reader—who cannot be expected to

enter into the spirit of the author, or have any

peculiar relish for the Hellenic drama—will

find in it fewer attractions.

Life of the Amir Dost Mohammed Khan, of

Kabul. By Mohan Lal, Esq. 2 vols. Long-

man & Co.

Mohan Lal has made wondrous proficiency in

the European art and mystery of book-making.

Something less than one-third of this work is devoted to the life of Dost Mohammed; the rest is made up of extracts from parliamentary papers, long quotations from well-known books, and a vague commentary on recent events in Indian history—particularly the Conquest of Scinde and the Afghan War. With Scinde the writer had nothing to do,—and he has really nothing to say about it that possesses either novelty or importance. His share in the disasters of Cabul gave him opportunities of acquiring information, which would have been read with interest had it not been overlaid by a more than ordinary share of self-laudation. The utility of his work is further diminished by his having adopted a peculiar orthography, which effectually disguises the names of persons and places; reminding us of Voltaire's complaint that, in philological systems vowels count for nothing and consonants for very little. Our familiar Kandahar is travestied into Qandhar,—Kouli Khan becomes Quli Khan,—and the Kuzil-bashes, with whom we have been so long acquainted through Fraser's clever romance and the narratives of some score of Persian travellers, are scarcely recognizable under their new denomination of Qizalbashs. We shall not too strictly apply the Latin rule, "*si non vis intelligi debes negligi*," but shall endeavour from the materials before us to deduce a sketch of the career of the present ruler of Afghanistan, and of some of the circumstances which brought him into collision with the English government.

Dost Mohammed Khan is the twentieth son of Sarfaz Khan,—an officer of high distinction, to whom Shah Zaman was mainly indebted for his accession to the throne of Cabul. He was murdered by his ungrateful sovereign; and his unfortunate family were reduced to the greatest distress. They had literally to beg their bread; and many of them sought shelter in the mausoleum of Ahmed Shah,—where, according to Mohammedan custom, there was a daily distribution of alms. Fatah Khan, the eldest son of Sarfaz, after many adventures, succeeded in raising an army; with which he joined Mahmud, the brother of Shah Zaman, and placed him on the throne of Cabul,—Shah Zaman being taken prisoner and deprived of sight. Fatah Khan then took his brother, Dost Mohammed, into his service as his "water-carrier" and "pipe-bearer;" and finding that the boy, then little more than twelve years of age, possessed intelligence beyond his years, he admitted him to all the secrets of his party:—

"This promising young man was in attendance upon him at all times, and never went to sleep till Fatah was gone to his bed. He stood before him all the day with his hands closed, a token of respect among the Afghans. It was not an unusual occurrence, that when Fatah Khan was in his sleeping-room, Dost Mohammed Khan stood watching his safety."

As Mahmud had dethroned Zaman, so another brother, Shah Shuja, dethroned Mahmud, but spared his life and eyes. Fatah Khan began to arrange the means for another revolution,—intending to place one of Mahmud's sons on the throne; but this prince, suspecting the sincerity of the Afghan "king-maker," caused him to be arrested. Dost Mohammed immediately collected a large force, blockaded Kandahar, and would not allow any provisions to enter the city until his brother was released. The brothers then resolved on the restoration of Mahmud. With far inferior forces, Dost Mohammed overthrew Shah Shuja's army,—and Cabul submitted to the conqueror. Fatah Khan was appointed prime minister to the restored monarch: he made Dost Mohammed his only confidant, and employed him to remove those whom he sus-

pected of rivalry or enmity. The circumstances of the murder of Mirza Ali Khan may serve to illustrate the nature of the services which Dost Mohammed rendered to his brother:—

"On receiving the orders of the Vazir, Dost Mohammed armed himself cap-a-pie, and taking six men with him went and remained waiting on the road between the house of Mohammed Azim Khan and the Mirza. It was about midnight when the Mirza passed by Dost Mohammed Khan, whom he saw, and said, 'What has brought your highness here at this late hour? I hope all is good.' He also added, that Dost Mohammed should freely command his services if he could be of any use to him. He replied to the Mirza that he had got a secret communication for him, and would tell him if he moved aside from the servants. He stopped his horse, whereupon Dost Mohammed, holding the mane of his horse with his left hand, and taking his dagger in the right, asked the Mirza to bend his head to hear him. While Dost Mohammed pretended to tell him something of his own invention, and found that the Mirza was hearing him without any suspicion, he stabbed him between the shoulders, and throwing him off his horse, cut him in many places. This was the commencement of the murders which Dost Mohammed Khan afterwards frequently committed."

Passing over many similar deeds of violence, we come to that which proved the ruin of Fatah Khan. He went, with his brother, to assist in rescuing Herat from an attack of the Persians; and, though honourably received by the prince Firoz, he ordered Dost Mohammed to besiege the city and take possession of the palace. Dost Mohammed obeyed without hesitation:—

"He entered the city, as was arranged, with his retinue, and after the sun rose and the Shah Zadah's courtiers had gone out to Fatah Khan, as usual, the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan massacred the palace-guard and seized the person of the Shah Zadah Firoz. Afterwards he commenced to plunder and to gain possession of all the jewels, gold, and treasure of the captive prince, and even went so far as to despoil the inmates of the household; and committed an unparalleled deed by taking off the jewelled band which fastened the trowsers of the wife of the Prince Malik Qasim, the son of the captive, and treated her rudely in other ways. The pillaged lady was the sister of Kam Ran, to whom she sent her profaned robe; and the Shah Zadah, or her brother, resolved and swore to revenge the injury. Fatah Khan was informed of the immense booty which the Sardar had taken, and also his improper conduct towards the royal lady; and the Vazir planned to take the plundered property from the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan, and to chastise him for his deeds in the Palace. The Sardar having heard of this made his way through the mountains to join his brother Mohammed Azim Khan, the Governor of Kashmir. He was there put under restraint by the direction of the Vazir, who was preparing again to wage war with the Persians."

The prince Kam Ran, however, was not mollified by this disavowal of Dost Mohammed's proceedings; watching his opportunity, he seized Fatah Khan when off his guard, and put out his eyes:—

"No tragedy of modern days can be compared with that barbarous one that ended the life of the Vazir. He was conducted blind, and pinioned, into the presence of Mahmud Shah, whom he had elevated to the throne. The Shah asked him to write to his rebellious brothers to submit, to which he replied with fortitude, that he was a poor blind prisoner, and had no influence over his brothers. Mahmud Shah was incensed at his obstinacy, and ordered him to be put to the sword, and the Vazir was cruelly and deliberately butchered by the courtiers, cutting him limb from limb, and joint from joint, as was reported, after his nose, ears, fingers, and lips had been chopped off. His fortitude was so extraordinary that he neither showed a sign of the pain he suffered, nor asked the perpetrators to diminish their cruelties, and his head was at last sliced from his lacerated body. Such was the shocking result of the misconduct of his brother the Sar-

dar Dost Mohammed Khan towards the royal female in Hirat. However, the end of the Vazir Fatakh Khan was the end of the Sadozai realm, and an omen for the accession of the new dynasty of the Barakzais, or his brothers, in Afghanistan."

The Barakzai brothers, as the family of the murdered minister was called, though jealous and disunited, were all resolved to avenge the death of Fatakh Khan. They set up different princes of the royal family in opposition to Mahmud; and maintained a long series of civil wars, in the name of phantom monarchs who came like shadows and like shadows departed. At length, Dost Mohammed established himself securely in Cabul; while his brothers, with more or less of independence, were recognized as chiefs in Peshawar, Kandahar, and other principal towns. All sorts of mistakes appear to have been made respecting the government of Afghanistan by the Barakzai brothers. Jacquemont, in his amusing letters, describes his disappointment at not finding a model republic among the Afghans;—Burnes seems to have expected to find such a system as that of the Scottish clans—and Dr. Harlan hesitated whether he should call the administration an oligarchy or an aristocracy. The form of government, however, was simply "a brotherhood,"—which Dost Mohammed anxiously endeavoured to convert into a despotism. Under these circumstances, it was unfortunate that the English should have undertaken the restoration of Shah Shuja. At a title of the cost of that expedition, they could have raised up against Dost Mohammed the discontented members of his own family, and compelled one party or the other to purchase our interference on our own terms.

Mohan Lal devotes about two hundred pages to the explanation of the circumstances which led to the Afghan war,—but adds nothing to the information which has been long before the public. He tells, however, some matters connected with the outbreak and massacre at Cabul, which have been whispered about, but not hitherto published. It must not be concealed that Shah Shuja evinced but little gratitude for his restoration, and wearied the authorities by his jealousies.

"He complained to Sir William Macnaghten against Colonel Dennie, who had taken up his quarters at the palace-yard in the absence of the Shah. He said that it was showing disrespect to his royal dignity by that officer's occupying that part of the palace. Such was the Afghan gratitude which the Shah felt for one of the bravest officers who had taken a prominent part in storming and subduing the fortress of Ghazni for him. A king, moreover, who had lived for thirty years on the bounty of his countrymen, who freely shed their blood and spent their money in placing him on the throne; that he should consider his dignity lowered by the occupation of a room where formerly the sweepers lived!! When the communication on this subject was made to Colonel Dennie, he most resolutely but justly replied, 'that he declares before God that it shall be the Governor-General alone who shall turn him out.' His Majesty also suggested the impropriety of our keeping ammunition and provisions in the Bala Hisar, while the country was not perfectly tranquilized, and the Russian army was moving towards Khiva. He stated that it will reduce him to be the neighbour of the commissariat and ordnance officers. In this department no one showed a determined disposition like Colonel Dennie, and so the cellars were evacuated."

Had the commissariat stores remained in the Bala Hisar, or Citadel, the English troops would have been saved from the famine and distress by which they were so thoroughly disorganized, —and the insurrection would in all probability have been suppressed. Intrigues between English officers and the wives of Afghan nobles excited against our countrymen the jealousy of injured husbands. We extract two out of several

such cases which are recorded by Mohan Lal:—

"A gentleman who had taken up his quarters at the house of the Navab Jabbar Khan, won the heart of the favourite lady of his neighbour Nazir Ali Mohammed, and she, crossing the wall by the roof, came to him. The Nazir waited upon me, and I reported the circumstance to Sir Alexander Burnes while the defendant was breakfasting with him. He of course denied ever having seen the lady, on which the Nazir was dismissed, and I myself was always disliked from that day by that gentleman for reporting that fact. The Nazir then complained to the minister of the King, and he sent us a note demanding the restoration of the fair one. The constable saw her in the house, and gave his testimony to this as a witness; but Sir Alexander Burnes took the part of his countryman, and gave no justice. One night the very same gentleman was coming from the Bala Hisar, and abused the constable for challenging him, and next day stated to Sir Alexander Burnes that he was very ill used, on which Sir Alexander Burnes got the man dismissed by the King. The lady was openly sheltered at the house of the same gentleman after some time, and came to India under the protection of his relatives. Nazir Ali Mohammed and the constable (Hazar Khan Kotval) never forgot these acts of injustice of Sir Alexander Burnes, and thus they were stimulated to join with Abdullah Khan Ackakzai, and to strike the first blow in revenging themselves on that officer.—A rich merchant of Nanchi, near the city, had two years previously fallen in love with a lady at Hirat and after great pains and exorbitant expence he married her, and placed her under the protection of his relations while he went on to Bokhara to transact his commercial business. In the absence of the husband a European subordinate to the staff officer contrived her escape to his residence in the cantonment. The wretched man on hearing this catastrophe left all his merchandise unsold, and hastened back to Cabul; and there were no bounds to his tears and melancholy. He complained to all the authorities, and offered a very large sum to the King to have his fair wife restored to him; but she was not given up. He at last sat at the door of Sir William Macnaghten, and declared that he had resolved to put an end to his own life by starvation. When that authority appeared partly determined to order the lady to be given to her lawful husband, she was secretly removed to a house in the city. Hereupon the Envoy appointed two of his orderly men to enter the house, and to give her into the charge of the plaintiff; but now the very officer who had offended Nazir Ali Mohammed and Hazar Khan Kotval came to Sir Alexander and begged him to pacify the Envoy, which he agreed to do. On this a sum of four hundred or five hundred rupees was offered to the husband if he will give up his claim to his wife; and Sir Alexander Burnes employed Nayab Sharif and Hayat Quaslabashi to persuade the poor husband of the lady to accept these terms, stating that otherwise he will incur the displeasure of that authority. The poor man had no remedy but to fly to Turkistan, without taking the abovementioned sum. When her paramour was killed during the retreat of our forces from Cabul, she was also murdered by the Ghazis, with the remnant of our soldiers who had succeeded in making their way forcibly as far as Gandumakh."

The personal defence of Sir Alexander Burnes must not be omitted:—

"These instances of gallantry in the gentlemen, with numerous cases of the same nature, were disgraceful and abhorrent to the habits and to the pride of the people whom we ruled; and it was the partiality of Sir Alexander Burnes to his friends in these circumstances which made him obnoxious to dislike, and wounded the feelings of the chiefs, who formerly looked upon him as their old friend and guardian. It was not he who committed himself in any sort of intrigue; but yet it was his duty to restore the ladies to their relations, and not to sacrifice his public name and duty through any private regard to his friends,—who, in return, never contradicted the accusations which were attached to him personally instead of to them. All of those friends knew well that Major Leach, Sir Alexander Burnes, his brother, and those who were subordinate to him, had Kash-

merian females in their service, ever since he proceeded on a mission to Cabul, and no just man will deny this, and allow that they were persons to intrigue with the ladies in Cabul. Sir Alexander Burnes, indeed, bitterly suffered, or I may say lost his life, for the faults of others, as far as he appears concerned at all in such intrigues."

There are here intimations of scenes and orgies which were severely stigmatized in some of the Indian newspapers of the day. The Kashmirian harems kept by British officers were not calculated to impress the Afghans with confidence in our moral scruples; but, on the contrary, gave encouragement to the stories circulated about the means taken to recruit them.—Mohan Lal claims for himself the principal share in having saved the lives of the prisoners who fell into the hands of Akbar Khan; and he certainly deserves the merit of having kept open means of communication between them and the English authorities, at great personal risk. The amount of reward which was his due is not a question for our determination.

Our author asserts that if Sir George Pollock had been permitted to remain at Cabul after his recapture, he could have seized Akbar Khan and the other chiefs engaged in the massacre of our countrymen, and made the restoration of Dost Mohammed an act of grace and favour which would have retrieved our character in Central Asia:—

"There were certain chiefs whom we detached from Akbar Khan, pledging our honour and word to reward and protect them; and I could hardly show my face to them at the time of our departure, when they all came full of tears, saying that 'we deceived and punished our friends, causing them to stand against their own countrymen, and then leaving them in the mouths of lions.' As soon as Mohammed Akbar occupied Cabul, he tortured, imprisoned, extorted money from, and disgraced all those who had taken our side. I shall consider it indeed a great miracle and a divine favour if hereafter any trust ever be placed in the word and promise of the authorities of the British governments throughout Afghanistan and Turkistan. We thus left the country where the bravest officers and soldiers of our army had been treacherously destroyed, supplying our enemies at the same time with money and the weapons of war! Yet such was called the retrieving of the lost reputation of the British arms."

Dost Mohammed once more reigns at Cabul, —and is said to indulge in the greatest licentiousness and dissipation. His sons are believed to be eager for his death; when they will be able to indulge their mutual jealousies and animosities by engaging in civil wars. The Afghans regard themselves as the conquerors of the English,—because our evacuation of the country had many of the characteristics of a disastrous retreat; and the English honour has been sadly tarnished in the estimation of all the inhabitants of Central Asia.—Mohan Lal asserts that the celebrated diamond the Koh-i-Nur (mountain of light), with which superstition has associated the dominion of India, is now in the possession of Gholab Singh, recently raised by our favour to the dignity of a sovereign prince. We wish it were possible to compel him to disgorge his plunder,—not so much for the value of the gem as for the importance attached to its possession by all classes of orientals.

In closing these volumes, we cannot avoid expressing our regret at finding that the interesting author has been a little spoiled by the flattery of his English friends. He informs us that his work was sent to press piecemeal, as it was daily written; and, therefore, prays to be excused for errors and repetitions. It would have been only just to himself and his readers, that the writer should have gone through the duty of revision:

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A History of Inventions, Discoveries, and Origins. By John Beckmann. Edited by William Francis, Ph. D., and J. W. Griffiths, M.D. Bohm.

THE progress of improvement in those Arts and Manufactures which minister to the necessities of man, or advance his social condition, is always a subject of interest. The birth of a useful thought, its gradual development and ultimate maturity, present a subject which, as being connected with the advance of intelligence and the improvement of the race, is not inferior in importance to any. In Beckmann's celebrated work—of which the cheapness of the present edition will insure a more extended knowledge—is detailed, with great care and minuteness, the history, as it were, of European intelligence. Few subjects have escaped the attention of this most industrious of readers and most careful recorder. Nothing was thought by him too mean for his attention;—and whether he is dealing with wooden bellows, canary birds, wines or water-mills, he is equally influenced by the desire of collecting all available information on each. We are, thus, enabled in this most useful volume, to watch the progress of each effort of thought—and to examine most of the circumstances that led to the improvement of a manufacturing process, or any advance in the principles of Art as applied to useful or merely ornamental purposes.

After having carefully examined the contents of the present volume, we are struck with some remarkable differences between the progress of discoveries previously to the time when Beckmann wrote and in the present age. It has been said that by our necessities we live. Certain it is, that, hitherto, most efforts of thought—particularly such as have been bent upon useful purposes—have been excited by the stimulus of the requirements of the individual or of the race. This cause still, to a certain extent, continues to operate on the onward progress of intelligence, and must always continue to do so; but we have numerous instances in which, from the laborious working out of physical principles—of which the useful end could not be seen—some of the most important discoveries that have ever enlightened man and enlarged his powers, have suddenly been made. During those periods when science was but little cultivated, or only pursued empirically or with a base motive, the inventive powers of the mind have generally exhibited themselves in devising small improvements. Men have crept from one step to another—and not unfrequently retrograded; and, in almost every instance, it will be found that every act of progress was forced by the spur of some severe necessity. During several hundred years, the progress of the mechanical arts was exceedingly slow;—the labour of man sufficed for his wants. But eventually, as the requirements of the race increased, other forces were called in to the aid of the muscular power,—which, being limited, became too small. As a striking and interesting example, let us turn to Beckmann's chapter on corn mills. At first, we find the pastoral races pounding their corn in rude mortars, by hand; and every family having such a mill,—which they were not, according to a law of Moses, allowed to pawn. Women were mostly employed in the task of pounding. Grinding-stones, rolling upon each other, were afterwards driven by bondsmen,—“around whose necks was placed a circular machine of wood, so that these poor wretches could not put their hands to their mouths, or eat of the meal.” For many centuries, it appears, all grain was thus,

by human labour, reduced to the state of meal. At length, wheels, moved by the force of a stream, were devised, to meet the necessities of a besieged city; and these suggested to the populations inhabiting districts where water-power could not be obtained, the propriety of availing themselves of the force of the wind for similar purposes. The bolting or sifting of flour was a much later improvement; and the attachment of sieves to the mill machinery is a comparatively modern invention.—Such was the slow progress of a process more immediately connected with the wants of man than any other. Whilst on the subject of water-wheels, it may be remarked, that, up to the commencement of the present century, scarcely any improvements had been made in the application of water-power since the days of Archimedes. The overshot and the undershot wheels of the most diminutive sizes, and, consequently, of very inferior power, were alone employed. Within this nineteenth century, water-wheels of a most extraordinary diameter, and of gigantic power, have been variously used,—and a variety of new forms introduced, and most successfully applied. We need only refer to the “Turbine;” by which, with a small quantity of water, a great velocity and force is obtained;—and to the water-pressure engines employed, in many mining districts, with the greatest advantage:—to show the vast improvements that have arisen from a perfect knowledge of those laws which regulate the pressures and the weight of fluids.

The force of steam was not unknown to the ancients. In the Middle Ages, the processes of evaporation and condensation were as familiar to the alchemists as they are to the modern chemist. A few attempts were made to employ this force; but as they were commenced in ignorance of certain principles, they ended in the most disastrous disappointment. A modern chemist patiently works out the laws of latent heat,—and a modern mechanician contents himself with carefully studying the influences of the expansive force of caloric; and, as beneath the wand of an enchanter, the steam-engine is formed at last. And, whether to urge the mighty ship across dividing oceans, or propel the car with undreamt of speed from kingdom to kingdom, breaking down the barriers that made them strangers—to drain the mine of its waters, and bring its treasures for the use of man, or to weave the delicate fabric, almost as attenuated as the gossamer, for the adornment of beauty,—it stands, as it came from the hands of Watt, a mighty monument of high intelligence.

Such cases as these should be the answer always given to the *cui bono* cry of those who cannot discern the advantages of abstract truth. Owing to a deficient knowledge of the secret laws regulating natural phenomena, the progress of improvement and discovery has been slow; and it is to be feared that the spirit of the present age, eagerly demanding some useful result from the philosopher, may retard our onward movement. It is certain that its tendency is to lead to a superficial examination,—and often, as we fear, to hasty generalization; the consequence of which must be a period of uncertainty and confusion, during which all useful appliances must stand still. Few abstract studies have more strikingly benefited man than voltaic electricity. A modern utilitarian might have asked what good could result from studying the convulsions of a frog when placed between two metals. The discovery of Galvani and the researches of Volta would appear to him as idle themes, fit only for the playthings of dreamers. Yet, to these we owe the power of transmitting thoughts with their own velocity—of moulding metal into beautiful forms with facility—and of recording with uniform regularity the march of

time. And may we not expect still greater things? Already we have the promise of the employment of electricity as motive power;—and so important is the part which it plays in the economy of inorganic nature and organic life, that we may expect that future researches will develop to us secrets of higher import than any of those we have named,—from which may spring useful applications of, if possible, more value than those we already possess. It will always be found that the study of the laws of nature, however obscure and seemingly useless the knowledge of them may be, will quicken the appliances of principles; and it is to our ignorance of many of those laws that we must refer most of the numerous failures occurring amongst the inventive portion of the community. More than this, it is upon that ignorance that charlatany builds its throne and deludes the world with its pretensions. Not merely, therefore, should the spirit of high philosophy be encouraged for the sake of the truths which it makes known,—which raise the standard of intelligence and give to man still higher aspirations; but to the labours of induction must we look for any great improvements in the economic arts.

Returning to the present edition of ‘Beckmann's History of Inventions,’—of which the first volume only is published,—we must notice the very valuable additions made by the editors, by which the history is continued down to the present time. We did intend to have selected some passages for quotation; but, amongst so much that is curious and interesting, it becomes in the highest degree difficult to select any; and we therefore prefer referring our readers to the volume itself,—with which they cannot fail to be interested.

Hochelaga; or, England in the New World.

Edited by Eliot Warburton, Esq. 2 vols. Colburn.

WE may as well say at once—for the enlightenment of those like ourselves whom the long word has puzzled—that Hochelaga is none other than “the ancient empire on the banks of the St. Lawrence.” A pleasanter describer Canada could not well have found than the gentleman whose experiences are here warranted genuine by the author of ‘The Crescent and the Cross.’ It is right, however, to add that a moiety of his work is devoted to much more beaten ground than that by ‘Ottawa tide,’—viz., the Broadway in New York, the Lowell Factories, Niagara, and the other well-known “lions” of the United States.

The voyage—that perpetual “grace” before every traveller's uncovering of his *pièces de resistance*—is dashing described; and here we are at the capital of Newfoundland:—

“So excellent was the land-fall we had made, that, when the fog cleared away we found the bowsprit of the vessel pointing directly into the harbour of St. John's. The entrance is about two hundred and fifty yards wide, and very difficult of access in bad weather with unfavourable winds: it is walled in by rugged cliffs and barren-looking hills. The defences are respectable, but not formidable, works—one of them facing you as you approach, with watchful cannon pointing up the harbour. There is no bar or shoal, but some dangerous rocks embarrass the entrance; within, there is safe and commodious anchorage for any amount of shipping. In trying to describe St. John's, there is some difficulty in applying an adjective to it sufficiently distinctive and appropriate. We find other cities coupled with words, which at once give their predominant characteristic:—London the richest, Paris the gayest, St. Petersburg the coldest. In one respect the chief town of Newfoundland has, I believe, no rival: we may, therefore, call it the fishiest of modern capitals. Round a great part of the harbour are sheds, acres in extent, roofed with cod split in half, laid on like slates, drying in the sun, or rather the air, for there is not much

of the former to depend upon. Those ships bearing nearly every flag in the world, are laden with cod; those stout weatherly boats crowding up to the wharves, have just now returned from fishing for cod; those few scant fields of cultivation with lean crops coaxed out of the barren soil, are manured with cod; those trim, snug-looking wooden houses, their handsome furniture, the piano, and the musical skill of the young lady who plays it, the satin gown of the mother, the gold chain of the father, are all paid for in cod; the breezes from the shore, soft and warm on this bright August day, are rich, not with the odours of a thousand flowers, but of a thousand cod. Earth, sea, and air, are alike pervaded with this wonderful fish. There is only one place which appears to be kept sacred from its intrusion, and strange to say, that is the dinner table; an observation made on its absence from that apparently appropriate position, excited as much astonishment, as if I had made a remark to a Northumberland squire that he had not a head dish of Newcastle coals. The town is irregular and dirty, built chiefly of wood; the dampness of the climate rendering stone unsuitable. The heavy rains plough the streets into watercourses. Thousands of lean dogs stalk about, quarrelling with each other for the offal of the fish, which lies plentifully scattered in all directions. This is their recreation: their business is to draw go-carts. There are also great numbers of cats, which, on account of the hostile relations existing between them and their canine neighbours, generally reside on the tops of the houses. A large fish oil factory in the centre of the town, fills it with most obnoxious odours."

The author of "*Hochelaga*" did his duty by the pride of St. John's, in going to see cod-fishing at Portugal Cove. What he subsequently tells us of moose-hunting, we suspect, might be applied to this sport also—that the pleasantest thing about it is *having seen it*. His account of the entrance of St. Lawrence is striking:—

"It was quite a relief when, with fair wind and crowding sails, we entered the waters of the St. Lawrence. From the point of Gaspé to the Labrador coast is one hundred and twenty miles; and, through this ample channel half the fresh water of the world has its outlet to the sea, spreading back its blue winding path for more than two thousand miles, through still reach, foaming rapid, ocean, lake, and mighty cataract, to the trackless desert of the west. We are near the left bank; there is no trace of man's hand—such as God made it, there it is. From the pebbly shore to the craggy mountain top—east and west, countless miles—away to the frozen north, where everlasting winter chains the sap of life—one dark forest, lone and silent from all time. For two days more there was nothing to attract the attention but the shoals of white porpoise: we were welcomed by several; they rolled and frolicked round the ship, rushing along very fast, stopping to look at us, passing and repassing for half-an-hour at a time, then going off to pay their compliments to some other strangers. The pilot came quietly on board during the night, and seemed as much at home the next day as if he had been one of the crew. By degrees the Great River narrowed to twenty miles, and we could see the shore on both sides, with the row of white specks of houses all along the water's edge, which at length seemed to close into a continuous street. Every here and there was a church, with clusters of dwellings round it, and little silver streams, wandering through narrow strips of clearing, behind them. We got very near the shore once; there was but little wind; we fancied it bore us the smell of new-mown hay, and the widow thought she heard church bells; but the ripple of the water, gentle as it was, treated the tender voice too roughly, and it could not reach us. Several ships were in sight; some travelling our road, wayworn and weary; others standing boldly out to meet the waves and storms we had just passed through. Rows of little many-coloured flags ran up to their mizen peaks, fluttered out what they had to say, and came down again when they got their answer. The nights were very cold; but, had they been far more so, we must have lingered on deck to see the Northern Lights. They had it all to themselves, not a cloud to stop their running wild over the sky. Starting from behind the mountains, they raced up

through the blue fields of heaven, and vanished: again they reappeared, where we least expected them; spreading over all space one moment, shrinking into a shivering streak the next, quicker than the tardy eye could trace. There is a dark shade for many miles, below where the Laquerrie pours its gloomy flood into the pure waters of the St. Lawrence. * * * Off the entrance to the gloomy Laquerrie, lies Red Island. The shore is rocky and perilous: as we passed, the morning sun shone brightly upon it and the still waters; but when the November mists hang round, and the north-east winds sweep up the river, many a brave ship ends her voyage there. To the south-east is seen a gentle sister—the Green Isle. It would be wearisome to tell of all the woody solitudes that deck the bosom of the St. Lawrence, or of the white, cheerful settlements along its banks, some of them growing up to towns as we advance, their background swelling into mountains. It is a scene of wonderful beauty, often heightened by one of the strangest, loveliest freaks of lavish nature. The mirage lifts up little rocky, tufted islands into the air, and ships, with their taper masts turned downwards, glide past them; the tops of high and distant hills sink down to the water's edge, and long streets of trim, demure-looking houses, rest their foundations in the sky. We are now at Grosse Isle; the pilot points out the quarantine station, the church, the hospital, and, in the distance, the fair and fertile island of Orleans. Bold Cape Tourment is at length past; it has wearied our sight for two days, like a long, straight road. It grows very dark, and the evening air is keen; we must go below. About midnight I awoke. There was the splash and heavy rattling sound of the falling anchor; the ship swung slowly round with the tide, and was still; we had reached Quebec. I looked out of the window of my cabin; we lay in deep shade under a high headland, which shut out half the sky. There were still a few scattered lights, far and wide over the steep shore, and among the numerous shipping around us."

Quebec, like all cities built on hilly ground, must be a picturesque-looking place, in spite of the ugliness of its public buildings. Its inhabitants, too, according to the testimony of every traveller, are gay and hospitable; and our author, though it suits his humour to affect the waning Bachelor, "was not so far gone" as to be left out of blithe balls and gipsy parties to the Chaudière Falls, or the pleasures of the merry Christmas time. We can fancy, at this particular moment of writing, a *thé dansant* on Wenham Lake to be a bliss unspeakable! But even without the piquancy derived from contrast, a winter party to the Falls of Montmorenci excites in us a wish to have been "there to see":—

"We assembled at the house of one of the ladies, at twelve o'clock. There was a very gay muster of carioles; some tandems, with showy robes and ornamental harness; handsome family conveyances; snug little sleighs, very low and narrow, for two people; and a neat turn-out with a pair of light-actioned horses abreast, with a smart little tiger standing on a step behind. * * It was one of those days peculiar to these climates, bright as midsummer, but very cold; the air pure and exhilarating, like laughing-gas; everything seemed full of glee; the horses bounded with pleasure, as they bore their light burdens over the clean, hard snow. * * We went by the river road, as it is called, over the ice; the northern side of the St. Lawrence, and the channel between the island of Orleans and the left bank, is always frozen over in winter. By this bridge, the traffic from the fertile island and the Montmorenci district finds its way to Quebec. The ice is of great thickness and strength; shells, from mortars of the largest size, have been thrown on it from a thousand yards' distance, and produced scarcely any impression. Sometimes the snow which has fallen on the ice, thaws, leaving large pools of water; this surface freezes again, and becomes the road for travelling. Such had been the case the day we were there; but a thaw had afterwards weakened the upper surface: our respectable old horse broke through, and splashed into the water. Not understanding the state of the

case, I made up my mind that we were going through to the river, and jumped out of the sleigh into the water; when the old horse and I, to our agreeable surprise, found the under ice interfering between us and the St. Lawrence. About an hour's drive took us to the Falls of Montmorenci: they are in the centre of a large semi-circular bay, hemmed in by lofty cliffs; the waters descend over a perpendicular rock two hundred and fifty feet high, in an unbroken stream, into a shallow basin below. At this time of the year the bay is frozen over, and covered with deep snow; the cliffs on all parts, but especially near the cataract, were hung over and adorned with magnificent giant icicles sparkling in the sunshine, reflecting all the prismatic colours. The waters foam and dash over as in summer; but in every rock where there was a resting-place, half concealed by the spray, were huge lumps of ice in fantastic shapes, or soft fleecy folds of untainted snow. Near the foot of the fall a small rock stands in the river; the spray collects and freezes on this in winter, accumulating daily, till it frequently reaches the height of eighty or a hundred feet, in a cone of solid ice; on one side is the foaming basin of the fall, on the other the hard frozen bay stretches out to the great river. One of the great amusements for visitors is, to climb up to the top of this cone, and slide down again on a tarboggan. They descend at an astonishing pace, keeping their course by steering with light touches of their hands; the unskilful get ridiculous tumbles in attempting this feat: numbers of little Canadian boys are always in attendance, and generally accompany the stranger in his descent. A short distance to the right is another heap of ice, on a smaller scale, called the ladies' cone. The fair slides seat themselves on the front of the tarboggan, with their feet resting against the turned-up part of it; the gentlemen who guide them sit behind, and away they go, like lightning, not unfrequently upsetting, and rolling down to the bottom. The little boys in attendance carry the tarboggan up again, the ladies and their cavaliers ascend, and continue the amusement sometimes for hours together. The party were in high glee, determined to enjoy themselves; they tarbogganed, slid, and trudged about merrily in the deep dry snow. The servants spread out the buffalo robes, carpet fashion, on the snow, and arranged the plates of sandwiches, glasses and bottles, on one of the carioles, for a side-board. When the young people had had enough of their amusements, they re-assembled, seated themselves on the buffalo robes, and the champagne and sandwiches went round. Though the thermometer was below zero, we did not feel the slightest unpleasant effect of cold; there was no wind, and we were very warmly clad; I have often felt more chilly in an English drawing-room."

A tarboggan, we beg to add, is subsequently described as a "light sleigh, made of planks scarcely thicker than the bark of a tree, bent up in front like a prow."—Then, there are snow-shoeing parties; in which even "the gentle ones," as Mr. Fenimore Cooper's Indians style the ladies, walk their eight or ten miles without fatigue:—

"Some years ago, three English ladies, with their husbands, officers of the garrison, walked off into the 'bush' on snow-shoes, made a cabin in the snow, encamped, passed two nights in complete Indian style, and were highly delighted with their excursion. * * When the ice takes on the St. Lawrence, opposite to Quebec, forming a bridge across, there is always a grand jubilee; thousands of people are seen sleighing, sliding, and skating about in all directions."

The wild pleasure of moose-hunting completely distances Leicestershire sport,—nay, even Mr. Scrope's favourite Highland pastime, and Mr. Lloyd's battles with the Bear in Norway. A ride of sixty miles to cover, is pretty well: and for gamekeepers and beaters of the bush there are Indians—more like, it must be confessed, to the pseudo-Redskins of the Transatlantic Scott's 'Ravensnest' than "the real chiefs and braves" of the wilderness. The journey to St. Anne's was a rough one: and Jacques, the chief huntsman, proved as fond of putting the

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bottle to his lips as Mrs. Gamp. The first night on the road was spent at Mr. Bovin's horrible inn,—the filth of which, we fancy, is a little worked up for effect. On the second night's bivouac, we shall let our author himself speak:—

"In making a cabin for the night, the Indians took off their snow shoes and used them to shovel out a chamber in the snow, about twenty feet in length by twelve in width; throwing the contents up so as to build a wall round it. They next cut some young fir trees, and arranged them leaning against each other as rafters, to form a roof; cross branches were laid over these, and a ceiling of birch bark, which is here like broad pieces of leather, completed this part. An opening on one side was left for a door, and the centre of the roof, uncovered, was the chimney; two large fresh logs were laid across the middle of the cabin, on which was lighted a pile of dry wood. The arrangement of the inside was a line of pillows, formed of snow, at both ends of the hut; our feet were to be close to the fire, half the party lying on each side of it. Sapsins made up a soft couch on the cold floor, and buffalo robes were our bed clothes. When these luxurious arrangements were finished, we went to the river, carrying an axe, fishing lines and bait; cleared a part of the ice with our snow shoes, and with the axe cut a hole in it, about a foot square down to the water. The admission of the fresh air evidently gave the unfortunate trout an appetite, for, as fast as the line was put down, one of them pounced on the bait and found his way to our basket, where he was immediately frozen to death; when he reappeared, to be cooked, he was as hard as if he had been salted and packed for six months. We soon got tired of this diversion, and returned to our lodging. The Indians had cut firewood for the night, and were busy piling it at the door; a large kettle, hung from the rafters by a rope made of green branches, and filled with a savoury mess of pork, pease, and biscuit, was boiling over the fire; a smaller one sang merrily by its side, with a fragrant brew of tea. The cabin was warm, and, with the robes spread out, looked very comfortable: loops of birch-bark in the clefts of two sticks stuck in the snow served as candlesticks: our valuables, including the brandy bottle, were placed in a leathern bag at the head of our sofa, and carefully locked up. We ate a few of the trout, and tasted the Indians' mess, but our main dependence was on one of the cases of preserved meats, of which we had laid in a stock for the expedition. We had boiled it carefully in water according to the directions, and one of the Indians opened it with an axe; we were ravenously hungry, each armed with a plate for the attack, but, to our great disappointment, such odours issued from it that even the Indians threw it away in disgust. We richly deserved this, for attempting such luxury in the 'loub.' The Indians all knelt in prayer for some time, before going to sleep; each producing his rosary, and repeating his devotions in a low, monotonous voice. The unfortunate dogs had not been allowed to eat anything—to make them more savage against the moose; or to come near the fire, perhaps, to make them hotter in the chase; they all kept prowling about outside in the snow, occasionally putting their heads into the cabin for a moment, with a longing look. When, during the Indians' devotions, they found so long a silence, they began stealthily to creep in, one by one, and seat themselves round the fire. One, unluckily, touched the heel of the apparently most devout among the Indians, who turned round, highly enraged, to eject the intruder; he had a short pipe in his teeth, while he showered a volley of French oaths at the dog, and kicked him out; when this was accomplished, he took a long pull at his pipe, and resumed his devotions. About midnight I awoke, fancying that some strong hand was grasping my shoulders:—it was the cold. The fire blazed away brightly, so close to our feet that it singed our robe and blankets; but, at our heads, diluted spirits froze into a solid mass. We were very warmly clothed, and packed up for the night, but I never knew what cold was till then. * * * Soon after daybreak we were on our way again. This day's journey was through a rugged and mountainous country; in many places the way was so steep that we had to drag ourselves up the sharp hills, by the

branches and underwood. When we came to a descent, we sat down on the snow shoes, holding them together behind, and skating along with great velocity, often meeting some obstruction in the way and rolling over and over to the bottom; there we lay buried in the snow, till, with ludicrous difficulty, we struggled out again. * * * After about eighteen miles journey, we struck on another frozen river; the guide turned down its bed about a hundred yards to the west, then threw his burthen aside, and told us we were at the place of stopping that night, and within two miles of the 'Ravagé,' or moose yard of which we were in search. These animals sometimes remain in the same 'ravagé' for weeks together, till they have completely bared the trees of bark and young branches, and then they only move away far enough to obtain a fresh supply; from this lazy life they become very fat at this time of the year. Our cabin was formed, and the evening passed much as the preceding one, but that the cold was not so severe. Having worn off the novelty of the situation, we composed ourselves quietly to read for some time, and after that slept very soundly. The morning was close and louring, and the snow began to fall thickly when we started for the 'ravagé,' with four of the Indians, and all the dogs; the fresh-falling snow on our snow shoes made the walking very heavy; it was also shaken down upon us from the branches above, when we happened to touch them, and, soon melting, wetted us. The temperature being unusually high that day, in a short time the locks of our guns were the only things dry about us. The excitement, however, kept us warm, for we saw occasionally the deep track of the moose in the snow, and the marks of their teeth on the bark and branches of the trees. These symptoms became more apparent as we approached the bottom of a high, steep hill; the dogs were sent on ahead, and, in a few minutes, all gave tongue furiously in every variety of curish yelp. By this time the snow had ceased falling, and we were able to see some distance in front. We pressed on rapidly over the brow of the hill, in the direction of the dogs, and came upon the fresh track of several moose. In my eagerness to get forward, I stumbled repeatedly, tripped by the abominable snow shoes, and had great difficulty in keeping up with the Indians, who, though also violently excited, went on quite at their ease. The dogs were at a stand still; and, as we emerged from a thick part of the wood, we saw them surrounding three large moose, barking viciously, but not daring to approach within reach of their hoofs or antlers. When the deer saw us, they bolted away, plunging heavily through the deep snow, slowly and with great difficulty; at every step sinking to the shoulder, the curs still at their heels as near as they could venture. They all broke in different directions; the captain pursued one, I another, and one of the Indians the third: at first they beat us in speed; for a few hundred yards mine kept stoutly on; but his track became wider and more irregular, and large drops of blood on the pure fresh snow showed that the poor animal was wounded by the hard icy crust of the old fall. We were pressing down hill through very thick 'bush,' and could not see him, but his panting and crashing through the underwood were plainly heard. In several places the snow was deeply ploughed up, where he had fallen from exhaustion, but again struggled gallantly out, and made another effort for life. He was a noble brute, standing at least seven feet high; his large, dark eye was fixed, I fancied almost imploringly upon me, as I approached. He made no further effort to escape or resist: I fired, and the ball struck him in the chest. The wound roused him; infuriated by the pain, he raised his huge bulk out of the snow, and plunged towards me. Had I tried to run away, the snow shoes would have tripped me up to a certainty, so I thought it wiser to stand still; his strength was plainly failing, and I knew he could not reach me. I fired the second barrel: he stopped, and staggered, stretched out his neck, the blood gushed in a stream from his mouth, his tongue protruded, then slowly, as if lying down to rest, he fell over into the snow. The dogs would not yet touch him; nor would even the Indians: they said that this was the most dangerous time—he might struggle yet; so we watched cautiously till the large dark eye grew dim and glazed, and the sinewy limbs were

stiffened out in death; then we approached, and stood over our fallen foe."

With this extract,—of whose length we are sure no reader will complain,—we must close the first notice of 'Hochelaga.'

MEDICAL WORKS.

On the Antidotal Treatment of the Epidemic Cholera. By John Purkin, M.D.—At a period when English, or common, cholera, is the prevailing disease, it is not matter of surprise that the reports of the approach of Asiatic cholera to Europe should have induced an attempt, on the part of ignorant and interested persons, to persuade the public that the latter disease has really appeared. We have made careful inquiries,—and visited the districts in London where the Asiatic cholera would be likely to be found; and our conviction is that this disease has not arrived, or been developed, in London. English cholera is prevailing,—but not to an unusual extent; and it is from fatal cases of this disease that support is given to the report of the presence of the Asiatic form. Whatever may be the pathological difference between English, or spasmodic, and Asiatic cholera in decided cases—there can be no doubt that in its symptoms the former often resembles the latter; and accurate and extensive observation is frequently necessary to distinguish the presence of the one disease from the other. The little book of Dr. Purkin which has led to these remarks, has reference to Asiatic cholera. Its object is to recommend the treatment of this disease by carbon or carbonic acid,—the latter remedy being preferred. The author believes that carbonic acid has the power of neutralizing the poisonous matter which he supposes to be the cause of cholera. This is, however, mere hypothesis. He states that the treatment of this disease by means of carbonic acid gas was very successful in Spain; but he gives no cases,—no comparisons between the results of this treatment and that of others,—no statement as to whether it was employed at the commencement or the termination of the epidemic; so that we have no means of judging of the value of the remedy beyond the general statements of the author,—and such, he ought to know, are made in favour of any, and every, remedy, even infinitesimal doses of chalk. We cannot, therefore, regard carbonic acid as having any claims to be considered as a remedy in Asiatic cholera,—much less a specific. We believe, however, that its administration can do no harm; and certainly, among the most refreshing beverages or media for administering remedies, in cholera and diarrhoea, are the common effervescing powders and soda-water,—both of which contain carbonic acid gas.

Letters on Health. By C. Black, M.D.—These letters were written for lectures,—and are well adapted to their end. The greatest safeguard which the honest medical man can have against quackery—of the regular and irregular practitioner—the quack with his legal diploma, or the quack with his legal patent-medicine stamp—is an enlightened public mind. When people begin to understand something of the complications of the human frame and the functions it performs, they will not be led away by the first pretender who promises them health. Dr. Black's is an unpretending volume;—but embraces all those practical views of life and health which result from modern scientific inquiries.

The Mineral Waters of Kreuznach. By J. E. Prieger, M.D. Translated by Oscar Prieger, M.D.—For those who wish to know something of the waters of Kreuznach, this little volume will be found of service. The principal constituents of these waters are common salt, muriate of lime, and small quantities of iodine and iron. In addition to its waters, Kreuznach is pleasantly situated,—so that, in many cases, it may undoubtedly be had recourse to with advantage.

The Pharmaceutical Latin Grammar. By J. Cooley.—An introduction to medical Latin, the London Pharmacopœia, and the perusal of physicians' prescriptions,—for the benefit of those who certainly ought not to be in a position to need the assistance of this book.

An Essay on the Use of Narcotics, and other Remedial Agents calculated to produce Sleep, in the Treatment of Insanity. By Joseph Williams, M.D.—This essay is the result of a premium placed at the

disposal of the President and Fellows of King and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland, by the Lord Chancellor of that country, for the best paper on some subject connected with the treatment of insanity. The college selected the above question;—and the present essay carried the prize. It contains a general account of the treatment of insanity; and although it cannot be said to offer anything new, yet the matter is handled so judiciously that no one accustomed to attendance upon the insane or nervous can fail to profit by its perusal.

The Board of Health and Longevity: or, Hydropathy for the People. By W. Horsell, V.D.M., I.O.R.—This is a popular compilation of all that has been written against alcohol, animal food, and tobacco; with the personal experience of the author, and a recommendation of cold water as a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to. We are not sure that books like the present may not do as much good as harm amongst the classes in which alone they will be read. It is better that a man should drink a little too much cold water, and occasionally get a rheum from its external application, than that he should addle his senses and debase his moral nature by the use of alcohol, and get some fatal fever by neglect of cleanliness. Teetotalism and hydropathy, when they come forward to displace drunkenness and filth, are very endurable acquaintances; and it is only when they assume the mask of the sage, and pretend to have discovered the philosopher's stone, that we quarrel with them. In hot weather, too, there is something so refreshing in the thought of cold water, that we cannot visit W. Horsell, V.D.M., I.O.R. with the critical vengeance which we feel that he, otherwise, deserves.

A Brief View of Homoeopathy. By Neville Wood, M.D.—In former times, we used to meet Mr. Neville Wood with pleasure; and for many a happy picture of rural scenery and pleasant natural-history thought are we indebted to his 'Naturalist,' and 'British Song Birds.' We should much rather, now, have discussed with him the relative melodiousness of the blackbird and the mavis than the comparative merits of Homoeopathy and Allopathy. But, as he has turned from the pleasant paths of natural history to the rough road of medical controversy, we are compelled unwillingly to accompany him. Natural history does little for a young physician wishing to get into practice; but a 'Brief View' of a popular medical fallacy may do much. We wish we could assign to this little brochure a higher position; but amongst works of its own class it has no claims to notice. The author gives a short outline of 'Homoeopathy,' which, he says, "has become a 'great fact'—and has now taken its place among the sciences." He does not, however, say *what* sciences—and may, therefore, mean astrology, alchemy, witchcraft, phrenology, and mesmerism. That it deserves, at any rate, to be ranked with these, we think the author's volume would prove. The amount of evidence brought forward by Dr. Wood in favour of homoeopathy, in the cases which he has related, are entirely insufficient. His patients were ill,—they took quillions of inert medicines,—and they got well. How a rational man should, thence, infer that they got well because of the infinitesimal doses, we are at a loss to imagine. We have recently called attention to this loose method of reasoning amongst all classes of medical men,—as giving its great support to every absurd system of medicine and to the pretensions of every form of quackery.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Æschylus, 'Prometheus Chained,' trans. in Verse, by G. C. Swayne, 8vo, 2s. 6d. swd.*
Bridges on CXIX. Psalm, 12mo, 7s. 6d.
D'Aubigné's (Paul) Colonists and Manufacturers in the West Indies, a translation, 8vo, 3s. swd.
D'Aubigné's (Dr.) History of the Reformation of the XVI. Century, Vol. IV, royal 8vo, 3s. 6d. swd.
Denison's (W.) Cricketer's Companion for 1846, 12mo, 2s. 6d. swd.
Dugdale's Monasticon Anglicanum, by Coley, 8s. 6d. folio, 31s. 10s.
English Hexapla, new edit., 4to, 2l. 2s. cl.
Fasciculus Inscriptionum Græcarum, editio J. K. Bællie, S.T.P., Vol. II, small 4to, 2s. cl.
Greaves's (R. N.) Tarquin and the Consul, a Tragedy, 12mo, 3s. 6d.
Happy Week (The), or, Holydays at Beechwood, 3rd edit., 18mo, 3s. 6d.
Hook's (Rev. Dr.) Book of Family Prayer, 3rd edit., 18mo, 2s. cl.
Indian Railways, by an Old Indian Postmaster, 8vo, 2s. 6d. swd.
Joe Miller's Jest Book, new edit., 8vo, 3s. 6d. cl.
Johnstone (Mrs.) Memoir of, 12mo, 2s. 6d. cl.
Judas's Lion, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 3rd edit., 12mo, 6s. cl.
Léa's (G.) Synoptical Tables of the French Sounds, 4to, 6s. in case.
Lunn's (H. C.) Musings of a Musician, 12mo, 3s. cl.
Meenan's (Rev. C. P.) Confederation of Kilkenny, 18mo, 'Library of Ireland,' Vol. XIII, 1s. swd.
Moore's (G.) The Use of the Body in Relation to the Mind, 9s. cl.
Murray's Colonial Library, 'Sale's Brigade,' and 'Letters from Madras,' 12mo, 2s. 6d. each, cl.

- Nesbit's (A.) Treatise on Practical Arithmetic, Part II, 12mo, 7s. 6d. roan; ditto, Key to ditto, 7s. roan.*
Perils by Land and Sea, a Narrative of the Loss of the Brig Australia, 18mo, 1s. cl.
Peschel's (C. F.) Elements of Physics, from the German, with Notes, by E. West, (Part II.) 'Imponderable Bodies,' 2 vols. 13s. 6d. cl.
Potter's (Richard) Elementary Treatise on Mechanics, 8vo, 8s. 6d. cl.
Pugin's (A. W.) Glossary of Ecclesiastical Architecture, royal 4to, 7s. 6d. swd.
Robson's (J.) Constructive Latin Exercises, 12mo, 6s. 6d. cl.
Smith's Epitome of Paley's Evidences, 2nd edit., 8vo, 3s. cl. swd.
Spier's (G.) Introduction to Chemistry, 12mo, 3s. 6d. cl.
Spier's (A.) English and French Dictionary, royal 8vo, 10s. 6d. cl.
Spier's (A.) Manual of Commercial Terms, 12mo, 4s. 6d. cl.
Sartorius's (W. E.) Lives of Lord Stowell and Eidon, 8vo, 5s. cl.
Thirwall's (Bishop) History of Greece, Lib. Edition, Vol. III, 12s.
Tietz's (Madame) Little French Instructor, 12mo, 3s. cl.
Wardlaw's (Dr. R.) Dissertation on Infant Baptism, 3rd ed., 12mo, 2s.
Whaley's (Rev. R. C.) Memoir, by J. S. Harford, 8vo, 5s. cl.
White's (Rev. Hugh) Practical Reflections on the Second Advent, 7th thousand, 12mo, 3s. 6d. cl.
Wilson's (Thos., Esq.) Memoir of, by his Son, 8vo, 12s. cl.
Wilson's (J.) The Book of Liberance, and Opening of the Seven Seals, Seven Thunders, 8vo, 3s. 6d. cl.

COUNT CASTELNAU'S MISSION.

Count Castelnau—whose South American itinerary has been, from time to time, communicated to the English public by means of our columns—has addressed, from Lima, to the French Minister of Public Instruction, a lengthened report of his expedition from Cuyaba to the frontier of Paraguay;—some interesting extracts from which may be added to the information that we have already given. The Count's route, taking him through a country almost unknown to Europeans, naturally furnishes contributions of value both to science and to geography.

Provided by the Brazilian government with boats, guides, and a military escort, the party,—on the 27th of January, 1845, embarked on the river Cuyaba;—which is described as being about the width of the Seine, and bordered by impenetrable forests. On the 2nd of February, they glided, with the stream, into the Rio San-Lorenzo; and were immediately surrounded by the canoes of the Guatos Indians—one of the most interesting of American populations. Living entirely in their long, narrow boats, they have no other occupation than those of fishing and hunting the jackal. Their only clothing is a piece of cotton girdling their reins. Their hair is gathered up and fastened on the crown of the head; and at the ears they wear bouquets made of parrots' feathers and those of the rose-coloured spatula. Each Guato has from three to a dozen wives; and, being naturally of jealous disposition, they live in separate families—congregating only once in the year, for a period of three days, at some place appointed by the chiefs at the previous meeting. "The features of these Indians," says the Count, "are extremely interesting;—never in my life have I seen finer, or any more widely differing from the ordinary type of the red man. Large, well-opened eyes, with long lashes,—nose aquiline and admirably modelled,—and a long black beard—would make of them one of the finest races in the world, had not their constant habit of stooping in the canoe bowed the legs of the greater number after a fashion by no means Academical. Their arms, consisting of very large bows, with arrows seven feet long, demand great bodily strength—and their address passes imagination. These savages are timid, nevertheless, and of extreme mildness. By taking them for our guides, and attaching them by small presents, we were enabled to explore parts wholly unknown of that vast network of rivers which they are constantly traversing."

On the 4th, the party entered the Paraguay; which is bordered on the east by a fine chain of mountains; and three days afterwards, halted in the little village of Curumba. On the 9th, they arrived at the establishment of Albuquerque; which is the chief place of the Brazilian posts on this frontier. The garrison consists of forty soldiers, commanded by a captain; and this slender force has been hitherto sufficient to overawe two or three thousand Indians who inhabit the environs—their villages, scattered over a circle of three or four leagues, offering charming points of promenade. Nearly all these Indians belong to the great nation of the Guanas; which is subdivided into several tribes,—as the Terenos, the Quinquinaos, the Laianos, &c. The party found there, also, a tribe of the celebrated nation of the Guaycurus—the Cadigios; who had recently placed themselves under the protection of the Brazilians, after an expedition into the Gran Chaco against the Inimas, from whom they had carried off a number of horses. These people are eminently equestrian—transporting their wives, baggage, and effects of every kind on horseback, across the most arid deserts.

Mortal foes to the Spaniards, they have long felt the necessity of seeking the protection of the Portuguese; but such are their bad faith and propensity to murder, that their allies are constantly on guard against them. An old chief, one day, frankly avowing to Count Castelnau their love of evil, related thus the chronicle of his nation:—"When the Great Being made all things, he gave to each people an inheritance of its own. The Guaycuru alone was forgotten, on account of his perversity; and, seeing the neglect to which he was consigned, galloped over the great Pampa in search of the Creator, for the purpose of remonstrating. He found, however, only the Caracara (a bird of prey); who said to him—"Thy lot is to rob and murder." The Guaycuru, profiting by the lesson, took up a stone and killed the Caracara,—and, since then, has followed the bird's advice."

Divided into six tribes, the Guaycurus are the terror of the frontier. The travellers saw amongst them wretched slaves, whom they had torn from the Chaco, and Spanish garments (one a priest's stole), which proved that they had recently ravaged some mission of Paraguay or Bolivia. They wear their hair long—the waist is encircled by a piece of cotton stuff; they paint themselves, black or red, after a very grotesque fashion. Often, however, their breast, face, and arms are covered with designs of a rare delicacy—nearly always dissimilar on the two sides. Their chief arms are the lance, knife, and a club which they throw with great address at full gallop. Their huts are made of the hides of horses or oxen. Each warrior has his mark; which he burns, with a red-hot iron, on all that belongs to him—his horses, dogs, and even wives. One of the most atrocious traits in the manners of this people, is that of putting to death all children born of mothers under thirty years of age.

Having procured a crew of Guanas here, the travellers resumed their route; and arrived, on the 11th, at the fort of Coimbra. * * * Here they visited a very remarkable natural cavern, known as the *Buraco d'Inferno*—"Hole of Hell." The entrance is in the slope of a hill, rising within a thick wood,—in form nearly circular and diameter about five feet. Climbing over a very lofty stone which bars the passage, they pursued the steep descent of a gallery, to whose projections they were obliged to cling for the purpose of avoiding a deep excavation on the left. At about ninety feet down, are found magnificent stalactites; in the midst of which a narrow opening gives entrance into a sort of hall, adorned with two splendid stalactite columns. A confined passage leads into another and more spacious chamber—presenting a superb *coup-d'œil*. Magnificent stalactites hang from the roof, forming a curtain of glorious carved work; while from the ground rise up blocks and columns of the same on every hand. In the midst of huge fragments of rock, stretches a fine sheet of still water,—conforming apparently to the level of the waters of Paraguay. Many other galleries issue into this piece; but at the season when our travellers were there, these were under water. "I can give no notion," says the Count, "of the magnificent aspect of this subterranean hall. The profound darkness which reigns here was scarcely broken by our numerous torches, save where they lighted up the forests of stalactite into shining marvels. Many of our companions could not resist the desire to plunge into the pure water at our feet; and some of them swam up the long galleries, holding flambeaux above their heads. The effect was most singular to the eye—as was that to the ear of their cries, wildly repeated by these natural but strangely-accidental walls. The scene had something of an infernal aspect—the more so that most of the bathers were negro soldiers. We saw in the grotto no living thing, save one frog, some bats, and many mosquitoes;—but a cayman was once found there; and the numerous tiger marks that we observed on the sand at the entrance testified to the frequent resort of these latter animals."

The region stretching between Coimbra and Bourbon is known as the Gran Chaco,—an immense pampa, covered with the fine palm-trees called *Caranda*, and an object of terror to the Spaniards, because of the many savage nations by which it is inhabited. The Count and his companions arrived at Fort Bourbon, or Olympus, on the 14th, without any unlucky adventure. There they were received

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with the distrust habitual to a people for so many years isolated from all the world as the Paraguayans. The garrison consists of fifty-one men, commanded by a sergeant—the government of Paraguay having, from economy, given the rank of officer so sparingly that in all the republic there are only four captains, and none of higher rank. This garrison, supported by a rather formidable artillery force, has not prevented the fort from being twice carried by the Guanas. Nothing can exceed the ignorance of these people. By some, the travellers were asked if France lay towards the sources of the Paraguay—from which direction they had seen them come; by others, if the king of that country was the same as the Emperor of China. Ostriches abound in the neighbourhood of the fort; and from the walls the travellers often watched these birds swim across the Paraguay.

On the 6th of March, the party quitted Bourbon, ascending the river with great difficulty owing to the unusual height of the water. Their nightly sleep on shore was disturbed by the howling of tigers; and the river-banks swarmed with crocodiles. One night, at the moment of landing, the Indians declared that there was a serpent in the neighbourhood;—and searching accordingly, they discovered an enormous jama, the most dangerous viper of these regions, whose presence had been betrayed to them by its strong musk odour.—In this journey, the Count gives an amusing view of the value of the military escort with which his expedition had been furnished by the government of Paraguay. Wishing to offer an extraordinary mark of its consideration, the soldiers, to their unbounded astonishment, had been ordered to accompany the travellers till they should come within sight of the first Brazilian establishment. The bare idea of crossing their own frontier filled them with alarm the most grotesque;—and “the eagerness,” says Count Castelnau, “with which they treated our support whenever their excited imaginations presented some shadowy danger, taught us what we had to expect from theirs if we should really be attacked. I have rarely seen a sight so ridiculous as these soldiers holding their drawn sabres in their hands while cooking their food, and taking every distant blade of grass in the Chaco for a Guaycuru warrior. When, at length, we saw in the distance the fort of Coimbra, they disappeared so suddenly that I could not learn what had become of them.”

On the 16th, the Count reached Albuquerque; and thence ascended the Mondego, with the view of exploring the country which lies between Brazil and Paraguay. The river is narrow,—and bordered by vast forests of gigantic trees, mingled with canes from forty to fifty feet in height. The course of the stream is exceedingly tortuous; and it was the 27th before they reached the little establishment of Miranda,—inhabited by some hundred negroes or mulattos, and a small Brazilian garrison commanded by a lieutenant. It is surrounded, however, by numerous Indian villages,—the most remarkable being Terno, to which the party made an excursion. This village includes about 3,000 Indians; the greater number of whom had been settled there only a month, having hitherto led the nomadic life of the Gran Chaco. Their manners and appearance are those of the Guaycurus; and their savage and mistrusting air showed how imperfectly they were yet habituated to the neighbourhood of the white man. The children fled, and the dogs barked, at the approach of the party. These people believe in the immortality of the soul, and the frequent apparition to their immediate families of the spirits of the dead. God, according to them, dwells immediately behind the sun, and has no other occupation than that of keeping it in motion. They do not, therefore, pray to him. They have sorcerers—who practise medicine; but if a sick man dies in the hands of one of these, the doctor generally becomes the victim of the family's vengeance.

Ascending the Paraguay, the party, on the 28th, passed the mouths of the San Lorenzo,—leaving them to the right. The river spreads into a great width; and dotted with islands, at this season covered by the water, and showing only the tops of their trees above. At the end of four hours' navigation, the party found themselves in the midst of a bay, stretching to the foot of the Dorados hills, without an outlet. They had to return, therefore, to their halting-place of the

night before, in search of Indian guides through the intricacies of a river whose current wandered amid an archipelago of islands and with a multitude of arms. By their help, the principal channel was found, winding along the foot of the mountains. Escaped from the maze of isles and channels, it became narrow, but deep and limpid. The banks were covered with rich vegetation, though overflowed. On the 1st of April, at daybreak, the travellers were surrounded by a great number of canoes of the Guatos, filled principally with women. Early on the 2nd, leaving Paraguay on the right, they entered the great lake Gaiva—a veritable bay, stretching between lofty mountains formed of enormous rocks covered with thick forests. The general direction of this bay is towards the south-west. Its length is about two leagues, and its width, in parts, about three-fourths of a league. It is of great depth in the middle. The Guatos Indians informed Count Castelnau that they had, several times, seen in this region strangers with whom they dared not enter into communication. These the Count supposes to be the Chiquitos of Bolivia. After making the circuit of the bay, the travellers issued out of it by an arm which, they were told by the savages, communicates with the Uberava. The bed of this unknown river was so encumbered with aquatic herbs, that the canoes had much difficulty in making way. On its right is the chain of mountains behind which lies Paraguay. The river forms many considerable bays, and in places exceeds half a league in width. It is about six leagues in length,—and, Count Castelnau is of opinion, may, some day, be of great military importance. It is unknown to geographers; and the Count proposes to call it the *Rio Pedro II.*, in honour of the Emperor of Brazil. In the evening, it delivered them into the great lake Uberava;—and “nothing,” says the Count, “can express the magnificence of the view which opened before us. The rich vegetation, which had covered the submerged banks of the river, suddenly ceased; and a sea, boundless as the ocean, stretched before us, marked by one long island right in our front,—but beyond, was only the horizon of the lake, relieved against the clear blue of heaven.” Neither entreaties nor threats could induce the Indians to guide the travellers on the Uberava; which they averred had no limit. One of them had travelled three whole days in his canoe without finding the extremity,—which supposes a depth of at least twenty-five or thirty leagues. The direction of this great sheet of fresh water is due west. The Indians, to whom it is an object of great dread because of the frightful tempests to which it is exposed, give it the name of *Toreque-Baco*. Obligated to abandon its examination, the party re-entered the Paraguay; and ascended as far as Villa Maria, which they reached on the 19th. Two days previously, they had passed the mouth of the Rio Jauru; where stands the pyramid reared by the Portuguese and Spanish Commissioners, to mark the limits of the two great South-American monarchies.

During all this voyage the sufferings of the travellers from mosquitoes are described by Count Castelnau as something terrific. There were times when he feared he should be driven mad by the torture. To eat was impossible. The men, in the end, having observed that the cloud of these terrible insects never rose high, were accustomed to get into the loftiest trees as soon as they reached the bank. In ancient maps, this region is called the Marsh of Xarayes.

At Villa Maria, the party found their caravan awaiting them;—and, after a few days spent there in determining its geographical position, they entered the deserts inhabited by the savage Bororos; and, across these, arrived safely at the pestiferous town of Matto-Grosso. “Our navigation on the Paraguay assures us,” says Count Castelnau, “that from the mouth of the Jauru to Fort Bourbon that river receives no stream coming from the west;—and that the efforts of the Bolivian Government to find a path of navigation on this side will be fruitless. The best maps, such as Arrowsmith's and Brue's, mark not less than four or five imaginary rivers in this region.”—Much of the countries visited, in this three months' journey, Count Castelnau considers, has never before been trodden by any European.

BALLS AND THEATRES.

August 6.

A sermon, by Mr. H. Montagu Villiers, directed against the “abominations” expressed in the above title, having reached a fourth edition, I trust you will allow one who thinks that such a performance has a tendency to weaken the hands of those more judicious teachers who try to guard their hearers against undue dissipation of mind,—but warn them faithfully that such can be sought, and found, in a church as well as in a playhouse,—to offer a remark or two on the subject through your columns. I shall confine myself entirely to the sermon-writer's text; not thinking it necessary to point out the common sense of the matter,—which is much better understood now than it was twenty years ago.

Mr. Villiers, professedly, has two modes of reasoning;—one the *logical*, and the other what he calls the *candid*. “I say,” says he, “whatever may be *logically* or *candidly* deduced from the word of God” as forbidden, is a work of darkness. Fancy a half-educated audience, with very imperfect notions of what is meant by logic, taught to associate candour with it as an alternative mode of reasoning! A dialectician would probably say, in explanation, that Mr. Villiers has just notion enough of what logic is to be aware that he must succumb unless he can persuade his audience that there is other deduction besides that which is logical. All deduction, in spite of the awful scholastic notion attached to logic, must, we know, be either logic or fallacy,—and for fallacy, in the proposition of Mr. Villiers, we are to read candour! Mr. Villiers is determined to be called a candid reasoner. I will take one specimen of his logic and one of his candour,—in the ordinary sense.

Hear,—as to the first—one of the proofs that the stage is darkness! “Ask any person connected with the stage you choose, whether his object in acting is to elevate the morals of the people? He would laugh in your face.” Mr. Villiers, no doubt, thought of the clown at Astley's:—I thought of Mrs. Siddons. An imaginary witness may be chosen as well from the dead as from the living. Does any rational man, however, form his opinion of the lawfulness or tendency of a pursuit from the feelings of the “any person you choose” who may laugh at an abrupt and unseasonable mode of putting a serious question? The laugh would be, no doubt, at the folly of the questioner. But let an actor of very ordinary education—let even a scene shifter—be properly made to understand that a serious answer is expected, and he would probably reply that, in following an occupation which, like most others, is in itself neither bad nor good, he feels satisfied that he is saving many from worse occupations; and that if public amusements and their necessary alternatives are fairly compared, it will be found that the former are preferable in point of morals. Some of the clergy are fond of arguments which quite leave out of view the nature of human society. One of them thought he smashed the playhouses completely by asking, “Do you think there will be any theatres in heaven?”—and the answer was, “No, nor any persons either.” There was a great deal of meaning in the answer.—One word more:—How does Mr. Villiers justify this sweeping assertion, that, of a large class of persons, many of whom are as honest as himself, each and every man and woman would laugh at the idea of being *supposed* to intend to do good to morals? Of a truth, offences against morals may be committed in a pulpit as well as on a stage.

Now, as to candour. If I were to ask any clergyman this question:—“When you put marks of quotation to a sentence purporting to be the authorized version of a certain chapter and verse of one of the solemn books which contain your solemn message, do you use the words of the passage, or do you alter them at discretion?”—I should expect him to be rather angry with me. But Mr. Villiers would have no right to be so. He quotes Solomon, Proverbs, viii. 36, thus:—“All they that hate *Christ*, love death.” The word *Christ*, in the version is *me*; and the speaker is the personification of Wisdom,—*she*, who, three verses after, is described as *sending forth her maidens*. Would Mr. Villiers have felt justified in changing *maidens* into *apostles*, if he had found it convenient to continue his quotation? Surely, he might have found something in the New Testament expressing the same idea, without having recourse to the substi-

tution of a gloss instead of the text. Must the liberties which have been taken in the *acting editions* of Shakspeare find their parallel in an *anti-acting edition* of the Bible?

There are many quotations in the sermon:—I hope there is no other instance of this most unscholarlike and unclerical liberty. M.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

FROM our report of the proceedings at York, as furnished by our correspondent, we reserved, as we mentioned last week, the abstracts of several papers:—and these we now proceed to lay before our readers.

The first was by Mr. R. Westmacott, A.R.A.,—‘On the Causes which arrested the Progress of Mediæval Sculpture.’

“It has appeared to me,” said the writer, “in my examination of what is termed Mediæval Sculpture, to be worthy of remark, that, while Christian Ecclesiastical Architecture made regular progress from the earlier character to its consummation in the so-called Perpendicular style, Sculpture did not advance *pari passu*; but, though as full of promise as the art whose handmaid she was bound at first to be, this art suddenly ceased to take its place in the course of improvement. If my view is correct, it may not be uninteresting to endeavour to discover the causes why an art so peculiarly capable of development as Sculpture should thus have stopped short in its natural progress, and relinquished the high mission to which it may truly be said to have been called. . . . The introduction of Sculpture in the earlier ages of Christianity was owing almost, if not entirely, to the same causes as its birth in the ancient world. At first it was used as a kind of record or representation of events and personages connected with Sacred History. The forms were as rude as any found in the archaic ages of Greece. I have a drawing, made, by myself, from a figure in the porch of a church in Cremona, which, but for its Latin label, might almost be taken for a work of Callon of Ægina, or any other of the most archaic school. The assumption that the art of the so-called Revival school arose out of the embers of ancient art, requires to be received with caution—or at least qualification. Notwithstanding the ingenuity with which the hypothesis has been supported, it is very difficult to trace satisfactorily the connexion between the art of the so-called Revivers and that of the Ancients. Both, it is true, are extremely rude; but the rudeness of the early art of the Revival appears to me to be very distinct from the puny weakness of that which followed the prostration of the older schools of Sculpture,—and from which, be it remembered, the art of the Revival is said to have been derived. Examine the Sculpture of the lowest Roman art (the relievi on arches and tombs), the remnant and rag-end of the most miserable Roman version of Greek Sculpture; and then, take some of the earliest examples of Sculpture of the Revival. Here, if the Art of the Revival was dependent on existing examples, we surely should find some sort of resemblance. But there is none—excepting in their both being equally removed from what is fine in Art. I am aware of the high authority by which the *derivative* view is supported,—and I will not put forward my own opinion too presumptuously against it. I at one time believed there was a closer connexion than I now find; and would rather ask to be allowed to offer my present opinion as suggesting a subject for inquiry than affirming a doctrine. There is a curious fact worth pointing out. Decay in Ancient Sculpture was shown in its gradually losing sight of the Beauty that had been established as essential to Art. In the infancy of Greek Art, the artists were ignorant of Beauty; but it was developed, and became a part of Art. Now, in the infancy of Christian Art, Illuminators and Orefici had ample remains of Ancient Art for examples, to have introduced more beauty than they did into their works, had they not, as I believe, preferred their own mode of representation. . . . It certainly is remarkable that the very circumstances that might have assisted in advancing modern Art, without interfering with its original and essential character, led to its downfall. The impulse given to the study of classical literature by the Medici family had filled the superior classes of Italy with a taste for everything connected with Grecian associations. The

Platonic philosophy was publicly taught, and the heathen mythology became the favourite study of the polite of the age. The artists, who were visited and encouraged by the influential and educated, were naturally carried away by the stream; and instead of the Christian religion being now the favourite subject of contemplation and appropriate illustration, the fictions of Pagan mythology were thought the only worthy objects of Art for a pseudo Greek and Roman age. Here, then, I seem to find the chief cause of ecclesiastical—and, I believe I may say, modern—Sculpture. Art was drawn aside from its true mission. The canon of excellence was some recovered statue of antiquity; and if, perchance, any sacred subject was illustrated, it was after a Greek fashion or a Roman form. The ‘ideal’ of an Apollo and a Minerva, and that of the ‘Dramatis Personæ’ of the mythology of the Greeks, displaced the forms and character with which deep original and religious feeling had invested the Saviour, the Apostles, the Saints and Fathers of the Christian creed. Criticism usurped the place of feeling; and the charm which had given it life,—and which alone gives life to Art,—was dispelled just at the moment when there appeared every probability that a great and grand style of original (Christian) Sculpture would be developed and matured. The genius of Michael Angelo himself was trammelled and enchained by this unfortunate mixture of two distinct and different styles; and the greatest artist of any age (so far as we have the means of judging) has left us works stamped with the highest powers of invention, imagination and technical knowledge, but too often disfigured by mannerism, the result of this attempted combination. From that time no school of fine Sculpture has been seen. Occasionally, successful imitations of the statues of the ancients have appeared; but no enduring Art has been—or can, I conceive, be—founded upon such false premises as attempting to produce Greek results without Greek associations. It was this attempt, in my humble opinion, that irretrievably injured the character, and impeded the progress, of Mediæval Sculpture; and, my impression is, its effects still continue to be felt. Over and over again have efforts been made, by public patronage and individual encouragement and every stimulus (*but the right one*), to restore or create a school of fine Sculpture; but one hard and undeniable conclusion always forces itself upon us—that no Art of a great character can be produced when the highest honour held out to the artist is to be thought a good and correct copyist of the ideas—and way of representing them—of the men of past ages.”

Our second reserved paper was a ‘Notice of the Ancient Chapel of St. Bride, on the shore of the Bay, Town y Capel, on the west coast of Holyhead Island, and the curious interments there discovered,’ by the Hon. W. O. Stanley, M.P.

“At a distance of about two miles and a half from the town of Holyhead, on the old London road, in the direction of the four-mile bridge, a steep descent leads to a level tract of land, about a quarter of a mile in length, composed of drifted sea-sand, and covered with short and beautiful green sward. At this spot, the sea, at high tides, meets within a few hundred yards, almost severing the Island of Holyhead into two distinct parts. The public road crosses this space; and on the westward of the road, at a distance of about 100 yards, rises a green mound, about 30 feet in height and 750 feet in circumference at the base. On the summit of this mound are seen the foundation walls of a small chapel,—which has given the name of Town y Capel, the Bay of the Chapel, to the beautiful inlet on the shore, and in the centre of which the mound is situated. Town y Welsh signifies a sandy bay. This bay is of considerable extent,—and deeply recessed from the coast which forms the northern side of Caernarvon Bay; and a jagged barrier of rocks guards the entrance, and breaks the heavy wave which flows from the south-west. The ancient name of the chapel, the remains of which are still visible on this mound, was Llan St. Fraid, or St. Bridget—by contraction, Bride—the church of St. Bridget. Jorwerth Vynghwyd, a Welsh poet of the fifteenth century, makes mention of the miracles performed by St. Bride in Wales; and the many churches in the Principality dedicated under her name, attest her popularity. The legend states that she sailed over from the Irish coast on a green turf;

and landing on the Island of Holyhead, at the spot now known as Town y Capel, the turf became a green hillock,—on which she caused a chapel to be built, which was dedicated under her name. The walls and east window of this little building were standing within memory; and the green sward was to be seen extending for a considerable distance seaward of the tumulus. Of late years, however, from the gradual encroachment of the sea, aided by the removal of sand for manure, the mound has been half washed away; and in a few years it will probably cease to exist. It is formed entirely of sea-sand; and contains a great number of graves,—arranged in four or five tiers, one above another, at intervals of about three or four feet. These graves are of the ordinary length of a human body,—measuring from six to seven feet in length, their height being about two feet; and they are generally formed with about twelve stones, rough from the quarry of the slaty schist of the district,—three stones composing either side of the grave, with three at the bottom, and three placed as the top, or covering. The bodies were laid invariably with the feet converging towards the centre of the mound,—the head being towards the outer side. The arms were extended by the side of the corpse. When first opened, these graves are found to contain a layer, about six inches in depth, of sand,—on which the bones rest; and over the remains there is also a layer of sand, about six inches deep,—leaving a vacant space of about a foot between it and the stones which form the covering of the grave. No indication of clothing, no weapon, ornament, or any other object, has ever been found with these human remains,—so far as I can ascertain; and in the numerous graves which I have examined when freshly opened, nothing has appeared differing from the description above given. The skulls appear mostly, from the sound state of the teeth, which are little worn, to have been those of young persons,—and they are of large size. Towards the upper part of the tumulus, and under the remains of the chapel, there is a great mass of human bones; and, occasionally, the perfect skeletons of children have been found, without any stone, cist, or grave,—but intermixed with the sand, and quite imbedded in the walls of the chapel. The dimensions of this little building seem to have been about 30 or 35 feet by 22 feet 6 inches. These singular places of interment have, from time to time, been exposed to view during stormy weather,—or in consequence of a fall of the sand, as the mound is by degrees undermined by the sea. It appears, that no similar instance of interment in graves formed indiscriminately as regards the point of the compass towards which the feet of the corpse were laid, has yet been noticed.”

Mr. Albert Way’s paper, ‘On the alleged discovery of the Tomb of Constantius Chlorus, near the Church of St. Helen’s on the Walls, in York, and the ignited Lamp found therein; as compared with a similar sepulchral Lamp, reported to have been found in the Province of Cordova, in Spain, as communicated to the Institute by Mr. Wetherell, of Seville, Foreign Honorary Member,—was, also, amongst the papers reserved.—The story of the burning lamp discovered in the tomb of Constantius Chlorus is told by Camden. “*Latium* tells us,” says Camden, “that the ancients had an art of dissolving gold into a fat liquor, and of preparing it so that it would continue burning in the sepulchres for many ages.” Drake, the historian of York, rejects the story of the lamp, as altogether impossible; and Mr. Welbeloved, in his recent ‘History of York under the Romans,’ is disposed to consider the interment of Chlorus at York as in some degree improbable. “Agreeing fully, as I do,” said Mr. Way, “in the conclusion of Mr. Welbeloved, that it is utterly incredible that any sepulchral lamp should burn through many centuries, and that the authenticity of the relations advanced by Liscian and other writers on this subject is justly to be suspected, I cannot rest satisfied that these relations were mere figments, or illusions.—some foundation of fact must, I would submit, exist.” Mr. Wetherell’s statement, as communicated by Mr. Way, is at least interesting:—“Bacna, on the route from Granada to Cordova, is built within six miles of the site of the ancient Castellum Priscum; where antiquaries are continually discovered, and, as Mr. Ford has observed,

as quickly discovered in 1833, a number of bones and a boy who on the north side of the neighbourhood of more frequent discovery a clear evidence to penetrate popular opinion foundations were subterranean quickly brought to light by husbandmen, in effecting a being lowered short descent, a cry of surprise and discovery himself in a feet by 7, and the vault. A north-east ascent, the wall round the chapel on the east or receptacle formed of the hermetically these contain more or less with a reddish gold dust. The bones, which in this burial vault, during They present indicative of their formation on two sides a point where between the small vase and a vase of polished, and relief represent plants. Some other objects by Mr. Wetherell been preserved, which appeared was constructed and roof were by the Romans had fallen from position, had it was dislocated the flames shivered to pieces remained, air, became fragments of with a thin lamina possibly, from Nearly the remained entire form of the possibly be which we are being authentic skilled either present on implicit cor which could ability of We are not furnished with which, according to Vives and to support however, but archaeologists discovery is curious since hesitate to some many of Chlorus and inquire cause where

so quickly destroyed. During the harvest in August, 1833, a number of labourers were busy near the spot; and a boy who was idling near the old Roman tower, on the northern side of the citadel,—in the neighbourhood of which ancient sepulchres have been more frequently found than elsewhere,—chanced to discover a cleft amongst the ruins, which appeared to penetrate to a considerable depth. It was the popular opinion that beneath these ruins, in the foundations of which are numerous chasms, there were subterraneous treasure chambers; and the boy quickly brought to the spot the farmer and some husbandmen, who with no small difficulty succeeded in effecting a breach sufficiently large to admit of his being lowered into the cavity by a rope. After a short descent, the boy's feet touched the ground; and a cry of surprise announced to those above the desired discovery. His sight became dazzled, on finding himself in a square chamber, measuring about 10½ feet by 7, and 9 feet in height, to the key-stone of the vault. A lamp, fixed in a leaden socket in the north-east angle, cast a yellow light upon the pavement, the walls, and a low stone bench which ran round the chamber. Upon this bench were placed, on the east and north sides, fourteen cinerary cists or receptacles, of different forms and dimensions, formed of the stone called *blanca cipia*, and closed hermetically by square blocks of stone. Each of these contained human remains; the bones being more or less calcined,—and in some cases mixed with a reddish-coloured metallic powder, supposed to be gold dust. On twelve of them were Latin inscriptions; which appeared to indicate that the deposits in this burial-place had been made at various intervals, during perhaps the lapse of more than a century. They presented no ornament, or sculptured symbols indicative of the state of the arts at the period of their formation. These sepulchral cists were arranged on two sides of the chamber,—converging towards the point where the lamp was seen; and in the intervals between them were found urns of very hard clay, the small vessels usually termed 'lachrymatories,' and a vase of fine clay, apparently 'Samian,' highly polished, and decorated with elaborate ornaments in relief representing garlands of vine leaves and other plants. Sacrificial instruments were also found, and other objects exhibited in the representations sent by Mr. Wetherell; the greater part of these have been preserved in the city of Bacna. The chamber, which appeared to have been a family sepulchre, was constructed with skill and solidity: the vault and roof were lined with the durable cement termed by the Romans *avenatum opus*. Numerous fragments had fallen round the burning lamp; and the labourers, finding much difficulty in removing it from its position, had recourse to their tools,—and at length it was dislodged. But, unluckily, the liquid which fed the flame was lost,—the glass receptacle being shivered to pieces in their careless haste. A sediment remained,—which, on being brought into the open air, became solid; and the interior surface of the fragments of the glass vessel appeared to be coated with a thin layer of some iridescent substance,—arising, possibly, from the partial decomposition of the glass. Nearly the fourth part of this remarkable lamp remained entire, and served to indicate the general form of the vessel in its perfect state. It may reasonably be advanced, that the curious discovery of which we owe the intelligence to Mr. Wetherell, not being authenticated by the observations of any person skilled either in Natural Science or Archaeology, present on the occasion, cannot be received with implicit confidence. The circumstantial details which could have contributed to establish the credibility of the relation are, unfortunately, wanting. We are not even informed whether the lamp were furnished with the imperishable wick of asbestos,—which, according to the conjectures of Ludovicus Vives and our countryman Dr. Plot, might serve to support the inextinguishable flame. It may, however, be brought under the notice of modern archaeologists, assembled in the city where a similar discovery is asserted to have been made three centuries since, on evidence which Camden did not hesitate to admit as worthy of credence. Possibly, some may consider the rejected tale of the sepulchre of Chlorus not wholly unworthy of consideration; and inquire whether there may not be some natural cause whereby such effect might be produced, with-

out the aid of the naphtha fountain or the jet of coal gas which, according to Plot's ingenious hypothesis, would suffice to solve the difficulty. Some substance may have been compounded, which, long closed up amidst the pestilential vapours of the tomb, may at length, on the admission of some measure of purer air, have become ignited for a brief space of time,—and as quickly have been extinguished, when, on being brought forth from the vault, an accelerated combustion had been produced."

Mr. Newton's 'Memoir in Illustration of a Map of British and Roman Yorkshire' will conclude our abstracts of papers read at this meeting.—The map which forms the subject of this memoir exhibits all the evidence as to the British and Roman occupation of Yorkshire which Mr. Newton has been able to collect, either from topographical works or from correspondents in the county, in reply to circulars issued by the Committee of the Institute. This evidence is of two kinds: that of *permanent* remains, such as camps, tumuli, architecture, inscribed stones—and *accidental*, such as coins, pottery, or personal ornaments, which, though signs of the presence of the Britons or Romans in a district, do not prove their settlement there for any length of time. Mr. Newton commenced his memoir by enumerating the places in Yorkshire mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus, Ptolemy, the 'Notitia Imperii,' and the work of the anonymous chorographer of Ravenna. Of these places, most of those mentioned by Antoninus may be identified by one or more of the usual criteria by which a Roman station may be known. These criteria are—1. The evidence of a modern name, if, when compared with the ancient name of the station in question, it presents a true philological affinity;—thus, in Ilkley we see the *Olicana* of Ptolemy, *Eburacum* has become *York* and *Danum*, *Doncaster*: or, if the name records or suggests former Roman occupation, as *Tadcaster*, *Aldborough*:—the epithet *Ald* being that given by the Saxons to sites recognized by them as Roman. 2. The evidence of inscriptions found on the spot, containing either the name of the place—as the mile-stone at *Leicester*, with the word *Ratæ*; or some information proving a station there—as in the inscription from *Ravenshill*, in the North Riding, published in Dr. Young's 'Whitby.' 3. The evidence of military works, architecture, or other remains proving permanent occupation. 4. The evidence of correspondence of distance with the distances given in the Itinerary of Antoninus. Thus, if on a line like the great Roman road from London to Carlisle, *Iter V.* of the Itinerary,—on which the distances between ascertained stations are found to tally with the measurement given in that work,—it be admitted that *Danum* and *Eburacum* are respectively *Doncaster* and *York*, it follows that the intermediate station in the *Iter*, *Legesolium*, must be sought for on this road, at the distance from the two ascertained stations given by Antoninus.

Following the still traceable line of the *Iter*, we come to *Castelford*,—placed at the required distance, and presenting traces of a Roman settlement. *Castelford* has, therefore, been considered the site of *Legesolium*. Having enumerated the ascertained stations in Yorkshire, Mr. Newton proceeded to notice the doubtful stations *Derventia*, *Delgovicia*, and *Pretorium* of the first *Iter*; and, after a summary of the arguments that have been advanced respecting this line, suggested that it was most probably the line of communication with the eastern coast by which the Romans landed their troops,—and that if, as Mr. Walker had supposed, *Filey Bay* was the "well havened bay" mentioned by Ptolemy, and *Flamborough Head* his *Ocellum Promontorium*, it was probable that *Pretorium* was situated on this part of the coast. *Campodunum*, another disputed station in the first *Iter*, was, probably, at *Gretland*,—where a recent discovery of Mr. Hunter tended to fix it. Mr. Newton then enumerated the principal Roman roads, and their general convergence—to the great main line from north to south, the *Iter V.* of Antoninus from London to Carlisle.

He then took a brief survey of the general historical evidence afforded by the Roman remains discovered in Yorkshire. First, the inscribed monuments,—such as altars. These, from the names of Emperors in the inscriptions, prove Roman occupation in Yorkshire from the time of Domitian to that

of Volusian and Gallus,—thus corroborating the testimony of ancient writers. Of the dated monuments, the most curious is a pig of lead, inscribed with the name of Domitian in his seventh Consulship,—and found on *Dacres Moor*, in the centre of the county, close to an ancient lead mine. From the date of the inscription and the place of discovery, we may infer a fact of some importance,—that the Romans, immediately after the reduction of the Brigantes by Agricola, commenced working the lead mines in the conquered territory.

Besides their chronological value, the Roman inscriptions found in Yorkshire furnish us with much curious information, relative to the legions, cohorts, and *alæ* of cavalry, and the places where they were quartered. Combining this information with the notices of troops in the *Notitia Imperii*, we find that the stations in Yorkshire were garrisoned by the VIth and IXth Legions, and by a variety of foreign cohorts, such as the Nervii and Lingones; whose history has been partially traced out by Horsley,—but may be made much more complete by comparing the inscriptions found on the line of Roman wall, published in Hodgson's *Northumberland*, and the '*Tabula honestæ missionis*,' published by M. Arneth, of Vienna, which are copperplates containing the names of such soldiers as have obtained an honourable dismissal from the Roman service. One of these was found in Yorkshire, near *Sheffield*,—and is published by Camden; but incorrectly, as has been recently ascertained by comparing it with the original plate. The inscribed monuments further furnish us with some curious particulars relative to the mythology of Roman Britain. Thus, the Romans, coming to a picturesque stream in Yorkshire, the *Wharfe*, appear to have deified it under the name of *Verbeia*; and in some instances, with that spirit of adaptation by which they were distinguished, they appear to have dedicated altars to the indigenous gods of the Britons.

The uninscribed remains of Roman Art found in Yorkshire afford rather negative than positive evidence of the social condition of that people. The absence of architectural remains of any consequence, excepting at *York* and *Aldborough*—the rarity of tessellated pavements—the debased and barbarous character of the sculpture and ornaments—would, *a priori*, lead us to infer, what we know from history, that the Brigantes were not conquered till some time after the subjugation of the south of Britain; and that their district, like the rest of the north of England, was held by the Romans only by a great and well-distributed military force, and not colonized by peaceful settlers, like the southern part of the province. A large portion of the Roman remains discovered in Yorkshire consist of enamelled fibule, and other ornaments of a late period; which we may suppose to have formed the trappings of the Roman cavalry soldier. Among the most remarkable of such antiquities, are those found at *Stanwick*, presented by Lord Prudhoe to the British Museum; and some discovered in *Swaile Dale*, now in the *York Museum*. The Brigantes, or British population of Yorkshire, have left us traces of their existence in many parts of the county; but these remains have not been collected and examined with sufficient accuracy to enable us to ascertain the social condition of the race before, and subsequently to, the Roman conquest. Pursuing, however, the method of inquiry which has been laid down for the Antiquities of Denmark, we may distinguish in Yorkshire, as in other parts of Celtic Europe, the antiquities of an age of stone, before the use of metals,—the antiquities of an age of bronze, when that metal was in general use,—and the antiquities of the subsequent period, when iron was substituted for bronze, and which corresponds with the establishment of the Saxons in this country. In the antiquities of the age of bronze, we may discern the progress of Roman influence, distinguishing the work of the aborigines from that of the Romanized Briton.

On the west side of Yorkshire, the most remarkable Celtic remains are the barrows and earthworks on *Rombald's Moor* and *Baldon Hill*;—described in the last volume of the '*Archæologia*,' and on the Druidical stones in the district of *Halifax*.

Through the whole range of hilly country on the east side of Yorkshire—a district which seems the natural place of refuge for a pastoral people driven

out of the plain by the Romans,—we find British tumuli. Among the most remarkable of these, are two near Scarborough—the contents of which have been examined and described by Dr. Travis and Mr. Williamson; and the Arras tumuli near Pocklington opened, many years ago, by Mr. Stillingfleet,—one of which contained the skeletons of two hogs, those of two horses, a chariot-wheel, a snaffle bit, and other portions of harness, apparently the work of the Romanized Britons. In the districts of these tumuli, and apparently in relation to them as the work of the same race, are vast entrenchments defending the entrances of the valleys in the wolds by double and triple dykes; and rows of circular pits, considered to have been British villages,—described in Dr. Young's 'History of Whitby.'

Another vast line of entrenchments of a different character may be traced between the Tees and the Swale, in the North Riding. The irregular design of this does not seem the result of military judgment,—or in any way to have relation to the physical features of the country; and it may be doubted whether these entrenchments were not for the protection of herds-men and their flocks. It is much to be hoped that the whole of these curious districts may be further examined—plans and sections of the dykes and embankments made—the tumuli excavated, and their contents classed according to races—and that the registration of such discoveries may no longer be left to the precarious observation of individuals, but insured by a system of organized correspondence throughout Great Britain.

We omitted to mention that the proceedings of Wednesday closed with an entertainment at the Deanery,—and a cursory examination (the Dean kindly assisting) of the books and MSS. in the library of the Dean and Chapter.

At the General Meeting of the Members, on Monday, a conversation of some consequence occurred. Mr. BROWNE, the historian of the Minster, began by making some remarks on the structure of the Centre Tower; which he contended was of Norman workmanship,—though the characteristics of its style were of a much later date. He had made, he said, a very careful examination of the tower, in every accessible part; and could distinctly trace many remains of Norman masonry,—particularly in the north-west angle. If John le Romayne had erected the tower anew from the foundation, we should never have had so much Norman work left as we now have. It is not correct to give the honour of erecting the tower to John le Romayne. He could observe Norman work from the very foundation, through the clerestory, up to the very battlements. All that John le Romayne did was to re-case the tower; and this Norman work, cased by Romayne, stands, he was sorry to observe, on very rotten foundations. You may take as much away of it as you like with your fingers—you may thrust a crowbar into it over the head, with as much ease as you would into (with some hesitation) a tub of butter. He was sorry to observe, moreover, that the cracks in the Great Tower were increasing very rapidly. Something should be done, and at once, to insure the stability of the fabric. The removal of the six thousand gallons of water from the tower would lessen the pressure very considerably. He knew very well why the water was placed there—but "let us watch our Cathedral carefully, and we shall have no further need of such a pressure on its top."

The DEAN of HEREFORD confirmed the statement of Mr. Browne. The cracks were there, it was true; and he was assured that they were increasing. Mr. Browne had anticipated him, for it had certainly been his intention to have represented the state of the tower to the Dean and Chapter before he left York. He had observed similar cracks in the tower of Hereford Cathedral; and every architect was aware of the great repairs in progress in that cathedral. He had tested the cracks at Hereford by filling them up with plaster.

The MARQUIS of NORTHAMPTON congratulated Mr. Browne on the moral courage he had shown in bringing the state of the tower before the members of the Institute. It would be bold in a stranger,—and was particularly bold and praiseworthy in a resident at York. Non-resident members can tell the truth,

and be off. We, who are here for a week, do not mind the unpleasantness of the information, so that we effect a good. He was sure that the proper authorities would take some steps to arrest the danger: and it would be prudent to consider whether the tower—hitherto thought, and, he believed, with reason, too insecure to carry pinnacles—should be made to bear so great a weight of water, at a time when its very foundations were in danger.

Mr. W. VERNON HARCOURT wished to assure the gentlemen who were present that the guardianship of the Cathedral had not been intrusted to careless and indifferent persons. The Cathedral had never been in such thorough repair as it was at this very time. This was a new discovery of Mr. Browne. He had never heard of it before—the master masons had never heard of it—and the careful survey made by Mr. Sydney Smirke, a few years back, contradicted it altogether.

Mr. BROWNE observed that he had only made the discovery last week—that the cracks were growing worse—and that he had made it, moreover, in the presence of the master mason and his workmen.

Professor PHILLIPS would wish to remind the gentlemen who were present that 6,000 gallons of water weighed twenty tons.

Mr. W. VERNON HARCOURT observed that the weight was divided between the four corners of the tower.

Professor WILLIS remarked that Mr. Browne's apprehensions were utterly groundless; that these settlements had existed for hundreds of years; and that if the cracks referred to were of any consequence, then all our cathedrals—Ely especially—were in the utmost danger. But he had no such fears. Nor was the test of the plaster of any great importance; for plaster generally contracted as it dried. It was a test, however, not to be overlooked. Nothing but what was good could result from a conversation like this.

Here the matter dropped.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

AMID the sensible affliction of these summer heats, we cannot see without great sympathy that the Baths and Washhouses recently erected, for the use of the labouring classes, in the North-Western districts of the metropolis have been at length opened to the public. The number of persons who availed themselves of the advantages on Monday, the day of opening, was:—for cold baths, 274, of which number 261 were males and 13 females; warm baths, 140, of which 130 were males and 10 females. In the course of the day, several females also availed themselves of the advantages which the establishment affords in the washing and ironing departments. On Tuesday the baths were open as early as five o'clock, and before eight they had been used by upwards of 100 persons.—While on a subject connected with sanitary considerations, we may mention a bit or two, from the legislation of the week, which have a bearing thereon. Mr. Mackinnon's Public Cemeteries Bill—having for its threefold object, to prevent all interments within the precincts of large towns or populous places,—to prevent dead bodies from being kept in the rooms of the poorer classes for an indefinite time, a practice inducing many pestilential disorders,—and to limit, in some measure, the exorbitant charges of undertakers and others, which the poor are unable to pay—was withdrawn, on the understanding that its principle would be adopted by the Government next session. Lord Morpeth obtained leave to bring in bills for remedying that evil consequence, to the poor, of our Metropolitan improvements, which drives them from their wretched homes into abodes yet more wretched,—by empowering "the Commissioners of her Majesty's Woods to sell, on certain conditions, sites for dwellings for the poor out of the hereditary estates of the Crown;" and "out of lands vested in them under acts for the improvement of the metropolis;"—and the same Minister likewise obtained leave to introduce a measure, enabling the Privy Council "to make regulations for the prevention of contagious disorders, and for the more speedy removal of nuisances."

We see, with pleasure, that, while the testimonial to Mr. Wilderspin, in acknowledgment of his exertions in the important cause of infant education, is progressing more languidly than should have been

expected, Lord John Russell has given an earnest of his intention to follow up his pledges on the subject of public instruction, by coming in aid of the public gratitude to that public benefactor. At the suggestion of her new government, the Queen has granted a pension of 100*l.* to the gentleman in question,—as an express recognition of the value of his educational labours. The originating idea of infant schools,—which, owing to his long exertions in connexion therewith, had been popularly attributed to Mr. Wilderspin,—was properly restored, a few nights ago, in the House of Peers, by Lords Brougham and Lansdowne, to its real proprietor, Mr. Robert Owen:—though both recognized Mr. Wilderspin's full title to a national testimonial—which, as the former said, had "in no case been more innocently gained or more richly deserved."

A letter which has been received at the Colonial Office, from Capt. M'Arthur, the commandant at Victoria, the capital of North Australia,—and communicated to the Geographical Society—includes some details relating to Dr. Leichardt's overland expedition. The Doctor and his friends arrived in that town, on the 17th of December last, after sixteen months of wandering, from the day on which they left Moreton Bay. Dr. Leichardt gives it as his decided opinion, that no line of road can be effected direct from Port Bourke to the northern settlement. A route from Moreton Bay to the Gulf of Carpentaria will be easily attainable. Some of the particulars describing the country to be traversed may interest our readers. In the first attempts of the party to penetrate westward, they got farther from the coast than at any other time. This was in latitude 25° 30' S., and longitude 148° 40' E. (approximate). The Doctor describes the country as bad and impassable from want of water.—"He describes the whole coast as being backed by ranges of mountains, consisting, nearest the sea, generally of granite and basaltic rocks, which he calls the granite range: behind this is a second range, consisting of sandstone; he calls it the peak range, from its peculiar formation. Descending from this, and again rising, they entered upon the table land; and he could nowhere penetrate it, so as to determine what might be the character of the central country. It was covered with a dense scrub, had no water; and frequently there was difficulty in descending from it,—being generally bounded by perpendicular cliffs, passable only where there are ravines, probably cut by the water in periods of rain. So that, generally, the coast, to a certain distance back, may be viewed as consisting of double lines, or concentric circles of alternating hills and vales. The courses of the river being, first, from south to north (speaking of the east coast) to about 21° S. lat., where the stream is met by another, more extensive, coming from N.N.W.; and here they conjointly turn direct to the eastward,—and doubtless have an embouchure on the coast. The last being followed, its heads are found in lat. 18° 20',—amidst hills, valleys, lakes, and innumerable rivulets. Here, the travellers ascend upon a section of table land,—and, as well as I can ascertain," says Capt. M'Arthur, "in about 149° 30' long,—but soon find that there is a dip northwards, and the course of another river here discovered is reversed. They called this the Lynd (that left behind the Burdekin), and they followed it to lat. 16° 45'; then a larger stream from the eastward joins it: this they named the Mitchell; and now a broad expanse of water was followed down to 16° 15' lat.;—here it appeared to trend gradually to the N.W. They were now in about the meridian of Cape York:—and here it is that Mr. Gilbert was killed, in a treacherous attack made on the party by the natives. "From this point they moved directly westward; the Doctor suspecting the Gulf of Carpentaria was not distant, they presently reached its shores; and then, turning to the southward, followed the coast, as nearly as circumstances would admit, until they reached 139° long,—having crossed, or headed, five rivers, all running nearly perpendicular to the coast; and, in about 18° latitude, found themselves again on the table land,—which, having advanced upon, they were obliged to proceed, the continuity of cliffs denying to them any descent. They found no place of descent until in 135° long. and 16° 30' lat. (must be rough approximations); they then came upon the head of a

river, and followed it to the shores of the salt basin, superior salt loads. Her westward; at this spot, the party bo They suffered experience. passed along most delight length, in grow the dip toward nally thrown were fully co try at the f passed in fe seen. They w crossing the peninsula. —It was evid days. Soon to the settlem route; and w ward, on the guide."

The paper one of those ferred to pass Athenæum. the highest c gore claims the intellige ceremonial long fettered name on ever amelioration the Hospital; are all stand liberality in while our recent donation Fund. The had the bene which propos the East: wh the source an ing over his the friendship,—and found Rammoahun

We are h last caused Mr. Curton Rid ment. Had might have be the accident tion of the C providing a but water al The annu al Associat week, at Gl Monday last and that gen operations d by Mr. Insk is in conn translated p 'The Oxbod 'An Accoun Shropshire: we read c ies of Glouc 'On the N others were, of History,' communicat 'On the Ety On Tuesday in Milnes, with a paper Crow, Esq.; and the Chu specimen of recently un the progress

river, and refreshed themselves and the cattle, and followed it down to the coast. They were now on the shores of Limmen Bight. In this vicinity extensive salt basins were discovered; with a great store of superior salt naturally formed,—they say many ship loads. Here the Doctor made an attempt to travel westward; and having reached the table land, which, at this spot, appears to approach nearer to the sea, the party boldly shaped a course for Port Essington. They suffered more here than in all their former experience. No water, no descending again;—they passed along the verge of stupendous cliffs, with a most delightful-looking country below them. At length, in great exhaustion, they opportunely reached the dip towards the Alligators,—having been necessarily thrown out of their direct route; but now they were fully compensated. The Doctor says the country at the head of, and along, the Alligators, surpassed in fertility and beauty everything they had seen. They were rather perplexed with the difficulty of crossing the streams; but at length approached the peninsula,—men and cattle greatly reduced in powers. It was evident the cattle could only travel a few more days. Soon after, a native offered to conduct them to the settlement. They had swerved from the proper route; and would have arrived far up to the northward, on the opposite side of the port, but for this guide.

The papers of the week announce the death of one of those remarkable men who must not be suffered to pass away without a word of tribute from the *Athenæum*. It is not because he was a Brahmin of the highest caste, that the Baboo Dwarkanauth Tagore claims a record in our columns,—but because of the intelligence that broke through the trammels of ceremonial by which his countrymen had been so long fettered, and the munificence that wrote his name on every project which had their happiness and amelioration for its purpose. The Hindoo College, the Hospital, and the School of Anatomy, at Calcutta, are all standing memorials of the Baboo's zeal and liberality in the causes of charity and improvement; while our readers will not have forgotten his munificent donation of 10,000*l.* to the District Charitable Fund. The successive rulers of our Indian empire had the benefit of his co-operation in every measure which proposed to stir the stagnant superstition of the East; while, irresistibly attached himself towards the source and centre of that light which was spreading over his country, he came to Europe in search of the friendships which his great character had earned,—and found there, like his distinguished compatriot, Rammohun Roy, a foreign grave.

We are happy to learn that the storm of Saturday last caused no worse results to the Public Records in Carlton Ride than that of disturbing their arrangement. Had it occurred in the night, the mischief might have been very serious. It may happen that the accident will have its use in directing the attention of the Government to the necessity of instantly providing a repository which shall defy not only fire, but water also.

The annual meeting of the British Archaeological Association has been held during the present week, at Gloucester. The sittings commenced on Monday last,—Mr. Pettigrew acting as President; and that gentleman read a Report of the Society's operations during the past year.—A paper was read by Mr. Inskip, containing some interesting particulars in connexion with the discovery of "Roman tessellated pavement in the cellar of an inn, called 'The Oxbody';" and one, by Mr. Duke, entitled, "An Account of a Baronial Mansion at Pluish, in Shropshire."—In the evening, a series of papers were read connected with the history and antiquities of Gloucester. The first was by Mr. Britton, "On the New Inn and Ancient Post-house." The others were,—On Monkish Miracles, as illustrative of History, by Mr. Wright; "Enamel on a Box," communicated by Mr. Pritt, of Northampton; and "On the Etymology of Gloucester," by Mr. Puttock. On Tuesday, the chair was taken by Richard Monckton Milnes, Esq.; and the proceedings commenced with a paper, "On Gloucester Cathedral," by Edward Cressy, Esq.;—after which, the tomb of Bishop Hooper and the Church of St. Mary were visited. The latter specimen of the architecture of the Middle Ages has recently undergone a complete renovation; and, in the progress of the repairs, several remains interest-

ing to archaeologists were found. In the evening, 'Some Remarks on Gloucester Cathedral' were read, by Mr. Repton; and Mr. Godwin entreated the authorities to look to the Cathedral, and take means to prevent its decay.—A paper was read, entitled, 'The Gloucester Peg Tankard.' The workmanship of this drinking cup is very fine; bearing three or four distinct allegories, representing the seasons, the seven deadly sins, &c., elaborately carved on the outside. An act was passed for the purpose of abating drunkenness; and it was ordained that all drinking-cups at taverns should have pegs placed at stated distances,—beyond which peg no man should drink at one draught, under pain of severe punishment. It was suggested that the well-known sayings, "taken down a peg," "a peg too low," and "he is getting on, peg by peg," might have taken their rise from these cups. The reading of a paper 'On the Writings of Robert of Gloucester,' concluded the business of the evening. On Wednesday, the congress proceeded to Cirencester and Woodchester, to inspect Roman remains, and other objects of interest.

Mr. Melville's clever work on the Marquesas, which excited so much interest,—and certainly not less suspicion, on its first publication,—has received a somewhat unexpected testimony to its authenticity, the value of which every reader must decide for himself. 'Toby,' the timorous Toby, has suddenly made his appearance; and addressed the following letter to the editor of the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser* [U.S.].—Toby, says the editor, "is now living in this city, following the business of a house and sign painter. His father is a respectable farmer in the town of Darien, Genesee county. We received from Toby this morning the subjoined communication. His verbal statements correspond, in all essential particulars, with those made by Mr. Melville respecting their joint adventures; and, from the assurances we have received in regard to Toby's character, we have no reason to doubt his word. His turning up here is a strange verification of a very strange and, as has hitherto been deemed, an almost incredible book."

"In the *New York Evangelist* I chanced to see a notice of a new publication in two parts, called 'Types, a Residence in the Marquesas,' by Herman Melville. In the book he speaks of his comrade in misfortune, 'Toby,' who left him so mysteriously, and whom he supposed had been killed by the Haparr natives. The *Evangelist* speaks rather disparagingly of the book as being too romantic to be true, and as being too severe on the missionaries. But to my object:—I am the true and veritable 'Toby,' yet living; and I am happy to testify to the entire accuracy of the work, so long as I was with Melville, who makes me figure so largely in it. I have not heard of Melville, or 'Tommo,' since I left him on the island, and likewise supposed him to be dead; and, not knowing where a letter would find him, and being anxious to know where he is and tell him my 'yarn' and compare 'log books,' I have concluded to ask you to insert this notice, and inform him of my yet being alive, and to ask you to request New York, Albany and Boston papers to publish this notice, so that it may reach him. My true name is Richard Green; and I have the scar on my head which I received from the Haparr spear, and which came near killing me. I left Melville and fell in with an Irishman, who had resided on the island for some time, and who assisted me in returning to ship, and who faithfully promised me to go and bring Melville to our ship next day, which he never did, his only object being money. I gave him five dollars to get me on board, but could not return to Melville. I sailed to New Zealand, and thence home; and I request Melville to send me his address, if this should chance to meet his eye. *Mortarok* was the word I used when I heard of his being alive. TOBY."

The *Times* states that an expedition, which promises the most important results both to science and commerce, is at this moment fitting out for the purpose of navigating some of the great unexplored rivers in South America. It is to be under the command of Lord Ranelagh; and several noblemen and gentlemen have already volunteered to accompany his Lordship. The enterprising and scientific band, it is said, will sail as soon as the necessary arrangements shall be completed.

The Paris papers mention the sudden death, at the premature age of forty-six, of M. Théodore Fix, —a very voluminous writer on political economy.

We have received from Sir James South the letter, professing to be an answer to Mr. Airy, for whose insertion we gave, last week, a conditional promise. The communication in question strongly illustrates the necessity, which we have long since recognized, of making all such pledges conditional. As two-thirds of this letter relate to other questions than those raised by the Astronomer-Royal,—and as other names, not properly involved in the issues, are dragged by Sir James South into the controversy,

we have felt bound to decline publishing it in its present form. All that portion of Sir James's letter which replies to Mr. Airy we have, of course, repeated our willingness to insert.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—REDUCED PRICE OF ADMITTANCE.—Now OPEN, with a highly interesting exhibition representing the CASTLE and TOWN of HEIDELBERG (formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine) under the various aspects of Winter and Summer, Mid-day and Evening; and the exterior view of the CATHEDRAL of NOTRE DAME at Paris, as seen at Sunset and by Moonlight, and which has been so universally admired. Both pictures are painted by the late Chevalier Renoux. Open from 10 till 6. Admittance to view both Pictures—Saloon, 1*s.*; Stalls, 2*s.* as heretofore.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A CHEMICAL LECTURE, by Dr. RYAN, daily, and on the Evenings of Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Prof. BACHHOFFNER'S LECTURES on NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, with brilliant experiments, daily. MACINTOSH'S REVOLVING ENGINE, COLEMAN'S PATENT LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE for ascending and descending Inclined Planes. FARRELL'S ARCHIMEDEAN RAILWAY, the ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY, all in action. HALLETTE'S ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY VALVE. CLARK, M'NILL, & CO.'S PATENT UNIVERSAL GAS-BURNER. THE OPAQUE MICROSCOPE. THE OXY-HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE, exhibiting a fine collection of Living Objects. A beautiful Picture of the CHAPEL in the CONVENT of St. CATHERINE, near JERUSALEM, by Mr. Charles Smith, is one of the Series of DISOLVING VIEWS.—Admission, 1*s.*; Schools, Half-price.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—June 5.—E. Doubleday, Esq. V.P. F.L.S. in the chair. Dr. Dewar presented a specimen of *Luzula nivea*, discovered near Broomhall, Fifehire. Dr. Dewar considers this plant undoubtedly wild in that locality. The following specimens were exhibited:—Specimens of *Ranunculus aquatilis*, approaching very near to *Ranunculus Lenormandi*, but differing by their more completely tripartite leaves, and the more lateral position of the style on the grown fruit: sent by Mr. Hewett Watson, from Esher Common, Surrey.—Specimens of a *Filago*, which would be referred to *Filago germanica* by English botanists, but which is thought likely to prove a distinct species by its discoverer, the Rev. G. E. Smith; who communicated a descriptive account of the plant, along with the specimens for the Society's Herbarium.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUES. Zoological Society, half-past 8.—Scientific Business.

FINE ARTS

FIFTH REPORT OF THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

A fortnight ago, the eloquent remarks of Lord Morpeth attracted our attention to the increased and growing interest elicited by the establishment of Schools of Design throughout the country; and we expressed an intention of recurring to the subject on the appearance of the Annual Report to Parliament from the Institution at Somerset House. Of that document we have now obtained a copy; and a more meagre, dry, uninteresting detail of twelve months' proceedings at a great public establishment it has not often been our office to criticize. Who may be the real author of these pages does not, of course, reveal itself. The highly respected names officially appended would give the Report a claim to be considered as the direct offspring of the Council; but the writing is so loose, the statements are so prosaically rendered, the few commendations are so freezingly bestowed, the speculations for the future are so barren, that it is difficult to suppose its authorship to be that of men whose names are distinguished by literary, political, and artistic eminence. How significant a commentary is it on the remarks called forth from us on the occasion above alluded to! This Report, indeed, presents a striking contrast to those admirable Art-reviews, the *Reports on the Royal Commission on the Fine Arts*. Would that we could have exclaimed, "Non facies omnibus una, sed qualis decet esse sororum!" Alas! there is not even a family likeness. In the commission-papers not only do we find the careful selection of every incident at all deserving a passing mention; but the occasion is eagerly seized by the hand of genius to pour out, for the edification of the Parliament and people, the most lucid and masterly essays. The hammer is wisely impelled while the iron is hot. The statistical inquiries and statements of the moment are appropriately illustrated by cognate literary and artistic inquiries; and the reader who sat down to see what the Commission have been doing, rises refreshed with solid views. He who had dreamed only of the propriety of examining an official summary has found himself seduced into considering the general claims and charms of Art. There may be no EAST-LAKE at the School of Design; yet the example

might have furnished, one would think, some hint towards an attempt in a similar direction;—and what more pregnant theme could be desired by a mind of energy, resolution, fancy, and forethought than that offered by the scope, means, and requirements of *Industrial Art*? When legislators are called upon to vote supplies, a little largess of eloquence on the right side, supported by the due admixture of dry facts, is not, we believe, viewed in an offensive light. Where, on the contrary, the suggestive spirit is wanting, the patron sentiment is apt to descend to the level of the applicant's enthusiasm; and what would have been liberally bestowed upon large-minded speculations gives way to a sparing concession of the barely necessary. What we should like to have seen pointed out is, the important difference between a mere national drawing-school and those nobler institutions which seek to spread among great masses of our population the varied, interesting, and refining studies whence the operative-student is to draw his stock of pure delight, gain his means of livelihood, and add to the treasures and character of his country. But the favourable opportunity which the unstinted supply of official pages presents, for stirring up readers to increased energy in forwarding the great experiment which Government has instituted, is suffered to pass away. No enthusiastic pen traces out the brilliant path that lies before the earnest and successful student of these branches of Art—a path studded with all the graceful pleasures, while unclogged by the thorns, that beset the devotee of the highest walks; neither is the legislator led to dwell on the important bearing which his labours may have upon the industrial efforts, and consequent wealth of his nation. The recent great changes in the political world—the freedom of trade, and the repeal of the duty on glass—bear strongly on the necessities of Schools of Design. In a few words on the Newcastle School, the latter of these subjects is glanced at; but the former, suggesting, as it does, the paramount urgency of competing with foreign nations in design, was, we presume, too ticklish a subject to tempt a daring flight. Yet surely, these are truths requiring enunciation,—demanding frequent utterance; and, knowing the talent which does exist at Somerset House, we marvel at that poverty of the Report which we can ascribe only to lack of search or confinement of range.

These are a few salient suggestions on the first perusal of the Report,—which has just come into our hands. The details of proceedings, derived from a general analysis, with any comments which these may deserve, shall obtain our early attention; which will be the more appropriately bestowed when aided by an inspection of the exhibition that will shortly terminate the session of 1845-6. In the meantime, let us guard ourselves from any suspicion of hostility to the institution. It has our warmest wishes; but these make us desirous to find a sagacious view taken of the means of making the best use of existing materials and space,—and an energetic prompting of the Government towards that increased assistance which alone can thoroughly insure the progress of *Industrial Art* towards perfection.

PRIVATE EXHIBITIONS.

Morrison's Ducal Palaces of Saxe Coburg and Gotha.—During the past week, there have been exhibited at Mr. Hogarth's Gallery, in the Haymarket, the sketches made by Mr. Douglas Morrison for his work on the palaces of the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha. Considered as mere sketches of scenery, these drawings are entitled to considerable praise; and they would, if the figures had been wholly left out, have pleased us better. The artist has considerable taste—the eye of a “Parkmaniac,” as Prince Pückler called his park-founding compatriots—and an easy dashing style. It is a pity, therefore, that his performances should be disfigured by supposed doings in the ducal garden of which he was not an eye-witness; for instance, a gentleman boating, in the uniform of a British field-marshal. Again, the artist could place in the giant's hall of Ehrenburg—a colossal room, in disputable taste—nothing better than a couple of lacquers!

Apart from the interest which attaches to the family mansion of the race whence our future sovereigns will have sprung, these drawings are, however, worthy of attention. Thus, the modern palatial style

of Ehrenburg forms a striking and instructive contrast with Wachsenburg, the robber-fortress of the Counts of the Gleichen,—now a state prison; and both point the spiritless artificiality of Rosenau, a recent erection which has not a particle of originality to redeem it. If these sketches when published, as they shortly will be, should induce our architects to study the castles of the German sovereigns as specimens of architecture and construction, they will have done some service. To some of the forms disclosed by them, English scenery is quite a stranger; and though little is to be gained by mere imitation, much may be achieved by him who can seize on the spirit of that which is new. The influence of the Byzantines on the cathedral architecture,—and so, mediately, on all the historic buildings,—of Germany, is a subject that might be advantageously inquired into. To that influence this country was never subject.

FINE ART GOSSIP.—We have heard very favourable reports of the fresco painted by Mr. Dyce in the House of Lords. It is said that the members of the Royal Commission of the Fine Arts, who “inspected” it, as the phrase is, on Tuesday, were greatly pleased with the result. A scaffolding was carefully prepared, at a due distance from the mural picture, in order that the distinguished party might have every facility for judging correctly of the effect. A renewed impetus will be given by this to the efforts for establishing a school of fresco painters amongst us.

We learn that Mr. Murdoch, Mr. Sintzenich, and Mr. Nurse, are the Masters appointed, respectively, to the Schools of Design, in the Potteries, at Paisley, and at Leeds.

A portrait-statue of Sir Fowell Buxton, to be erected in Westminster Abbey, has been the source of a competition between Messrs. Thrupp, Weekes, Marshall, Watson, and Joseph, the sculptors. The former has been the successful candidate for the honour; and the price is to be 1,000*l.* Mr. Baily and Mr. Bell, we understand, declined to compete.

The subject selected by the stewards as a prize for the approaching races at Doncaster is a group, in silver, representing Sir Clifford Constable overturning the Duke of York, at the Battle of Wakefield.

A communication from Prof. Schottlauer, of Munich, acquaints us with particulars of a new invention for painting upon walls, discovered by himself conjointly with Herr Fuchs, Counsellor of the Mines—to be called *Stereochromy*. Its peculiarities are stated as follows:—Far greater ease in its manipulation than fresco. The ground is not laid in patches, but by one single operation. The colours—prepared in distilled rain water,—take such firm hold as not to be disturbed or altered by any subsequent washings or shades; while the process of painting may be carried on with any amount of intervals—thus rendering a far richer finish possible than with fresco.—After the picture is finished, it is saturated with a fluid, which unites the ground and the colours into a mass of the consistency of stone; dessications being thereby rendered impossible.—The colours are of greater strength and brightness than with fresco,—though without the slightest glare or reflection as of oil.—It resists all atmospheric influences,—humidity, evaporation, &c.: a test no less extreme than the burning of alcohol has been applied to it, without the slightest change or deterioration.

We find it stated, from Constantinople, that a monument has been discovered in a vineyard at Halki,—one of the delightful islands of the Propontis frequented by summer emigrants from the capital,—which is peculiarly interesting to an Englishman. It is dedicated to the memory of Barton, the English ambassador to the court of Turkey in Elizabeth's reign. Sir Stratford Canning has given 50*l.* for its restoration.

From Paris, we learn that the Arts have sustained another loss in that one of their departments which has been heavily visited of late—by the death of M. Barthélemy Vignon, the architect, at the advanced age of eighty-five. M. Vignon had been architect to the Empress Josephine, at Malmaison,—to Louis Bonaparte, when King of Holland,—and to Murat, King of Naples, in succession.—The Emperor of Austria has conferred on M. Pernot, the painter, his large gold medal of Letters and the Arts,—

in reward for the tomb which, as a member of the Committee of Arts and Monuments, the latter has had the task of erecting, at Joinville, over the remains of seventeen princes of the House of Lorraine—from which the Emperor is descended.

From Genoa, we hear that the marble monument to the memory of Christopher Columbus, destined by the Sardinian Government for that city, is finished, and about to be immediately erected. Its inauguration will take place next month, during the congress of naturalists in Genoa;—and the King and royal family will be present at the solemnity.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

QUEEN'S THEATRE, TOTTENHAM STREET, WILLOPEN. For a second season, under the Management of Mr. ARINGTON, on MONDAY, August 10th, when will be performed the Play of “THE STRANGER.” The *Stranger*, by Mr. Arlington; Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. R. Gordon. After which, Charles Selby's successful Farce of “YOU MUST BE MARRIED.” *Melle, Frontinella, Mrs. Selby.* To conclude with “THE HAPPIEST DAY OF LIFE,” *Mrs. Selby, Mr. P. Emery; Mrs. Dudley, Mrs. Selby.*

DRURY LANE.—M. Coudere's recovery from a long and obstinate hourseness enabled the Belgian Company, on Monday last, to produce M. Halévy's “*Mousquetaires de la Reine*,” which, as every one knows, has “won the crown” this year at the *Opéra Comique* of Paris,—having been played there eighty nights. In fact, it has brought M. Halévy his first success, in the capacity of a gay composer; since “*L'Eclair*”—though full of ingenuity, and almost unique as a work made up of only four characters, without a chorus,—is spoken well of, but little heard; while “*Le Guitarrero*,” “*Le Drapier*,” “*La Lazzarone*,” and other works, have shared the fate of the three serious operas which succeeded “*La Juive*,”—been forced forward, that is, with every possible determination to make them popular; but, in spite of all efforts, they have failed to please. Indeed, had not M. Halévy been strong in his position, from causes independent of his musical reputation, it would have been impossible for him to have gained such frequent hearings on warrant so slender.—The Parisian success of “*Les Mousquetaires*” has been so decided that we do not know whether our curiosity or our surprise has been the greater, on at last, making its acquaintance. The former was pleasantly gratified by the story, which, if not new, is piquant: the stuff on which a French composer might naturally like to work. There are a sentimental Maid of Honour to Anne of Austria, the delicate *Athenais de Solange* (Madame Laborde), and a sprightly one, *Berthe de Simiane* (Madame Guichard);—and there are a sentimental *Mousquetaire*, *Olivier d'Entragues* (M. Coudere), and a spirited comrade, *Hector de Biron* (M. Boulo). Add to these an elder *Mousquetaire*, *Le Capitaine Roland* (M. Zelger); and, by thus naming the characters, the cast of adventure and intrigue has been half suggested. Some of *Hector's* bold wooing gets laid to the door of the gentler *Olivier*. The latter, too, is miscredited with a duel; and, to save him from the heavy punishment instituted for all such gallantries by Richelieu, *Athenais*, proceeding on a mistake, perils her honour by declaring her lover to have been with her at the very critical moment—thus opening his innocent mind to desperate suspicions, since the intruder on her privacy was another—not himself! Fancy all these dilemmas set in a frame-work of courtly incidents—ladies vouchsafing scarfs to their cavaliers—revels in masks at court, terrace-scenes, &c.—fancy costumes as becoming as brilliant, and a very fair execution, and we have a play filled, as we have said, to the agreeable gratification of our curiosity. Now, as regards our surprise: this was not excited by finding M. Halévy's music what it has always been, as we said last week, “dry”—but by the fact, that a work in every respect so referable to its parentage should have run fourscore nights in Paris. First impressions may be trusted with regard to all that concerns stage effect. The critic must enter into scientific combinations, by “painful steps and slow”—do justice to clever instrumentation, and all that is meant by “good writing,” &c. on second and third hearings;—but unless an opera seizes him at once, by dramatic fitness or fascinating melody, it is no opera worth having. We do not admit the favourite French epithet of “distinguished,” in excuse for phrases not commonplace, only because some queer unexpected note is thrust in. Perfectly alive

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to the national humour, which is to disappoint the ear in place of satisfying it, we cannot accept any time, on the score of nationality, in which the disappointment is the only feature,—and where we find no lurking sweetness, made all the more attractive by the touch of bitter. In the weakest of M. Auber's operas,—let us instance 'La Sirène'—beside the vulgar quadrille tunes which it is now "distinguished" to repudiate, there is always some fine, simple, effective piece of writing, which lays hold upon the memory with the force of a reality,—such as the quartett 'O Nymph trop évasive.' Not a bar answering to this description exists in 'Les Mousquetaires.' On the contrary, M. Halévy's inspirations seem to us slenderer and farther-fetched than usual. When trying to be popular, as in *Berthe's* couplets in the first act, and *Roland's* in the second, he is merely frivolous,—and without the grace which renders frivolity attractive. The great aria for *Athenais* is forced, to the last possible degree. The lady's duett with *Olivier* is a shade better; and the composer rises highest above the dead level in the *morceau d'ensemble*, where the Ladies choose their champions; which has a certain *chevaleresque* colour. In the quartett of the second act,—where the two soprano and two tenor voices are nicely grouped and aided by clever instrumentation,—there is a gleam of that sparkle which we hope never to become too wise to enjoy, however severely some may frown and cry "faux brillant." In short, this is not one of the French operas we wish to hear in London or in Paris;—so long as we have a score of composers of our own, who can imagine such infinitely better things. 'Les Mousquetaires' was well not enthusiastically received. The quantity of spoken dialogue militated against its success:—first, because the theatre is too large for the conversational voices of our neighbours—next, because the pit is better up to "French of Stratford-atte-Bowe" than "French of Paris."

HAYMARKET.—On Monday, the tragedy of 'Antigone' was produced, for the purpose of enabling Miss Faucit to justify before a London public the reputation which she had achieved in Edinburgh and Dublin by her performance of the martyr-heroine. The fame which rewarded Miss Vandenhoff seems to have had its natural effect in stimulating Miss Faucit to a trial of her powers in the performance of a classic character. For one whose physique, taste, and professional schooling eminently fitted her for the domestic scene, and the softer parts of the romantic play, this was an arduous experiment;—and had, as we have observed, been already successful elsewhere. We have had the advantage of seeing both candidates in the part of *Antigone*; and, without unnecessarily awarding the palm to either, are entitled to discriminate between their different styles,—and the corresponding effects. Nothing can deprive this tragedy of Sophocles of its inherent magnificence. Miss Faucit wants the ponderous tones of a more powerful elocution to give, without effort, the due relief to certain lines and passages which should owe their emphasis, not to an artificial delivery, but to their unaided pathos. This gifted actress showed a laudable ambition to invest her performance with artistic significance,—but, in the prominence accorded to parts, the occasional emphasis and the spasmodic utterance, reminded us rather of the romantic than the classic drama. Beautiful in the detail, there was a want of decision in the purpose, which injured the general impression. But, in stating our own conception, we are not prepared to censure either of the rival actresses for differing from it. Commentaries are divided in their interpretation of the heroine's character and motives;—and, where difference of opinion exists, the artist may safely suit herself as to the idea she would embody. The conception of both Miss Vandenhoff and Miss Faucit is that of involuntary immolation—the one, however, enacting the heroine, the other the martyr. What *Antigone* does, she does for the love of her brother; and she would, if possible, avoid the fate which her transgression of the law involves. This conception, we fear, though natural, is not sufficiently simple, to be strictly classical. It requires a duplicity of delineation, which gives to the general outline an unsatisfactory wavering and indecision,—inducing doubt where faith should be the one pervading sentiment. If, however, this view of the character detracts from the sublime,

it assists the beautiful; and, indeed, enabled the actress to exhibit many fluctuations of feeling:—nevertheless, it breaks down a majestic whole into minute parts. It is in comprehending and firmly seizing a great idea that the great in Art consists. Nothing great, in fact, was ever yet produced by the mere aggregation of small points. There was, however, an indescribable charm in each evolution. Miss Faucit gave way to every shade of emotion—was alternately passionate and resigned, indignant and contemptuous. In her last scene, she nerved herself to produce the most powerful impression:—it was the scene in which her predecessor, on the first representation of the tragedy in England, won her greatest triumph. Miss Faucit here drew on all the resources of her art. She made use of infinite elaboration to induce variety. She succeeded in bringing out some passages with accumulated force—to others she imparted a strange pathos,—but we missed the desirable unity which is suggested in the poet's idea. The horror of being buried alive—the injustice of her sentence—the wrongs and losses she was suffering—these were strongly, painfully depicted. But to this view of the character the actress will, necessarily, find many critical objectors. Admitting the almost perfect histrionic skill by which these points were illustrated, the most orthodox censors of the drama will demand more moral self-sustenance, more dignified consistency. They will contend that the injuries suffered by *Antigone* are not meanly bewailed, but boldly braved—in behalf of a holy cause—braved, and, as the sequels of a glorious action, worthy of undying remembrance; and that any other conception of the part, by failing to command respect, must excite not pity but contempt. We have said that there was much, very much, in Miss Faucit's acting to compensate for the impropriety of her conception,—if it be one. The feeling she portrays is not only natural, but fits in admirably with the domestic style of tragedy, in which Miss Faucit's *forte* chiefly lies. Let us not, however, in our unfeigned admiration of the actress, forget that the classic aims, by transcending ordinary sympathy, to command wonder, and thus attain the sublime. It requires the presence of power—both spiritual and physical. Wanting either, the attempt is abortive: it may be a beautiful failure,—but it is one. Whether Miss Faucit fell short of either, it would be unfair to decide upon a solitary representation;—particularly, considering how miserably she was supported. Mr. Stuart, in *Creon*, was as signally pretending as he was singularly deficient. Of Mr. Holl's *Hæmon* we wish to say nothing. Mr. How was, in *Phocion*, respectable.—Mrs. Stanley, in the *Queen*, quite ludicrous. All were, in fine, inadequate to the high task implied in the respective parts,—the meanest as the greatest. The *Chorus* was poor in the extreme. It is announced that another classical play is in course of preparation in Dublin. We are glad to hear this. The performance of such pieces is calculated to operate upon our histrionics like fresco-painting upon artists. It may induce that breadth of colouring, and that boldness of conception, which now are replaced by technical finish of execution and the timid conventionalities of the modern stage. To Miss Faucit it may be especially serviceable; by indicating to her that there is a severe style in dramatic art to which the Beautiful itself is but a transitional step,—and, inducing her to sacrifice some minor graces, it may teach her to reach those sublimer attributes in which only the highest and most sternly-disciplined genius can excel.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Shakespeare's tragedy of 'Julius Cæsar' has been here placed on the stage with all that attention to the proprieties of the drama for which this theatre has at length become celebrated. The part of *Cassius* was performed by Mr. Creswick; who fully bears out the favourable judgment which we have already expressed of him. What provincial vehemence still clings to him will wear off by collision with the *Brutus* of Mr. Phelps;—which, for quiet feeling and calm heroism is an example to be studied. Mr. Marston enacted *Mark Antony* with less than his usual mannerism; and Mr. Hoskins personated the small part of *Octavius* in a remarkably pleasing manner.

LYCEUM.—A new, but not original, farce, in one act, called 'The End of June,' was produced on Monday. Mr. Keeley performs the part of one *Nicholas Czarny*

(a tailor),—who is employed by nine conspirators to make for them waistcoats from a piece of cloth; and is so pleased by its pattern that he contrives to "cabbage" a wedding waistcoat out of it for himself. 'The End of June' is the watchword of the band,—who have appointed that time for their rendezvous at the Silver Lion: and the tailor has also chosen the same time and place for his wedding. He, thus, gets implicated in the conspiracy;—and escapes out of the danger which he has incurred only by confessing the theft. Mr. Keeley made the most of this ludicrous situation.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.—The programme of the Hereford Festival, to be held on the 9th, 10th and 11th of September, is good, rather than novel. Purcell's 'Jubilate,' Handel's 'Dettingen Te Deum' and 'Messiah,' Mozart's 'Requiem,' and Spohr's 'Babylon,' are the sacred works to be given. At the concerts, Mendelssohn's music to the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and 'First Walpurgis Night,' with a selection from 'Oberon,' will form the leading features. The principal singers are to be Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, the Misses Williams, &c. Once again, in running over this "bill of fare," we cannot avoid observing how the disposition to change the forms of concert music is manifesting itself,—and how excellent is the opening for a skilful composer to produce works for the orchestra exclusively. If the young men of England (whom a few seasons more will deprive of the epithet, and all the allowances, as well as all the hopes, which are comprehended in the word *promise*) were wise, year after year would not pass away without some attempts in a branch of composition so peculiarly national; because fitted to attract and conciliate a people who have no musical theatres in the provinces, and who, it is too probable, would not support such establishments if they existed.—Meanwhile, an unobtrusive, but valuable band of labourers are doing much to diffuse a taste for music among the people. Mr. Roe, with his cheap vocal concerts—Mr. F. W. Horncastle, with his Lectures on English and Irish Melody at the Mechanics' Institutes,—are each helping on a good work, by which the next generation will profit. Let all, however, who are concerned in such laudable undertakings keep in sight the fact, that, unless the popular taste be raised, both preacher and executant must end by themselves sinking. In Art, no less than in morals, there is no standing still.

We are happy to see, that a good Philharmonic season for next year has been secured by the re-appointment of Signor Costa as conductor. The next care for all concerned should be that of weeding the orchestra; but this matter is one of almost impossible difficulty, in a Society whose constitution admits of such "incompatibilities" as orchestral players among the Directors, &c. &c. No remedy short of an entire radical reform can meet this difficulty.

The musical news from abroad during the past fortnight has been little in amount;—but we cannot overlook the report from Marseilles, that, among other singers at the Opera there, *Madame Favanti* is mentioned. The correspondent of *La Gazette Musicale*, after admiring the compass of her voice and the agility of her execution, adverts to well-known peculiarities (to speak gently) which, it seems, have not yet disappeared; and wonders how a *débütante* who has scarcely begun her career (!) can claim the style and title of First Singer at the London theatres, even on the well-known hypothesis of the English "loving false and unfinished singing."—The great festival of military bands (or *Harmony Music*, as the Germans call it, oddly enough!) was held in Paris, at the Hippodrome, yesterday fortnight;—with a prodigious "noise," as might be expected from a congregation of brass instruments fifteen hundred strong—and an audience of some seven thousand, who applauded enthusiastically. A few days afterwards, the building was partially destroyed by fire.—We are glad to notice, on the authority of our contemporaries, the entire success of Mr. Balfe's 'Bohemian Girl' at Vienna. On the occasion of the first performance, seven of the pieces, including the overture, were encored.

MISCELLANEA

August 4.

The late Hail Storm.—In the storm of hail which visited this metropolis on Saturday last, there were

many remarkable features which deserve notice. Not merely were the hailstones of an unusual size,—many of them being between three and four inches in diameter,—but it is evident, from the directions in which the largest amount of damage was done to windows, &c., that the storm must have moved along a curved line from the S.E. towards the W.,—and then towards the N.E.,—having, at the same time, an internal motion,—or, probably, a series of currents setting from the circumference towards the centre, along its line of direction. In this respect, it resembled in a remarkable degree the hurricanes of the tropics;—and that it was a circular mass of vapour, passing by a line as nearly as possible in the direction above indicated, will be evident to any person who will be at the labour of examining the accounts given of the localities which have suffered most severely. Although to the east of Gracechurch-street a considerable quantity of hail fell, yet, it was remarked that it was more like balls of snow than hail. At Walworth, Kennington, Brixton, and the West End of town, the hailstones were hard masses of ice,—whilst at Kew no hail fell. In the neighbourhood of London Bridge, a nautical gentleman observed changes of the wind of a very remarkable character; and he states that, during the storm, it blew from every point of the compass. All these facts establish the curvilinear path of the tempest, and its internal circulatory movements.—The singular forms of the hailstones attracted much attention. There were but few of the larger ones round, and many of them had a distinct crystalline arrangement. A description given by Mr. Halley of a storm of hail which fell in Lancashire, on the 29th April, 1697, shows it to have been so singularly similar to the recent storm, and his account of the hailstones is so perfectly true of those which fell on the 1st, that I am induced to adopt his description:—"The hailstones were of differing forms, some round, some half round, some smooth, others embossed and crenulated, like the foot of a drinking-glass—the ice very transparent and hard; but a snowy kernel was in the midst of most of them." (Phil. Trans.—1700.) R. H.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—W. C.—A Young Admirer of Shakespeare.—A. H.—W. J.—J. R. and J. S.—A Member of the Institute of the Fine Arts—received.

We have received a long letter from the Rev. Mr. Shepherd (the author of 'Hæra Apostolica')—to which we may possibly advert next week.

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